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No. 192.

Madia, the Russian Spy;

OR,

THE BROTHERS OF THE STARRY CROSS.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

Author of "The Red Rajah," "Double-Death," "The Rock Rider," "The Sea Cat," etc., etc., etc.,

CHAPTER I.

THE COSSACK CAPTAIN.

Ar the edge of the Eastern Steppe commences a gentle slope, which continues for hun-dreds of miles in a circle, and forms a vast bowl, in the center of which lies the lonely Sea of Aral, separated from its sister Caspian only by the plateau of Ust Urt.

On the eastern rim of this bowl is a crack, and through the crack runs the Syr Daria

River.
And the Syr Daria marks the Russian frontier.

Here, on the day when our story opens, might be seen a spectacle peculiar to Russia fort, camp and church united in one, and all guarded by the faithful Cossack

The fort stood on a little knoll near the river, commanding with its guns, miles and miles of desolate plain. Below it lay the camp of the Cossack, and in the midst of the camp rose the green dome and golden cross of the church.

No camp of frail tents is that of the Cossack, but a village of neat, warmly-thatched cot-tages with yellow-painted walls; well-kept gardens around each; the whole as large as many a populous town.

Where the steppe to the north is still covered with snow, the southerly slope of Syr Daria Plain is already wak ing up to spring; and there are dark patches among the white fields, which grow more and more frequent, till a hundred miles further bring you to the

plains of Turkestan.

The bell of the little church was tolling for the end of mass, and a small patrol of Cossacks stood by their horses, when a mounted officer rode slowly out of the fort hard-by, shortly af-ter followed by the glittering figure of General Grodjinsky the commander of Fort Peroff-

The General was in full uniform, with all his orders on, and cut a far more splendid figure than his companion, and yet it was observable that he treated the latter with marked respect. The person in question dressed in the simple uniform of an officer of Cossacks, and yet there was a certain nameless air about him that implied one of distinction.

'I am much obliged for your offer of help, General," he said, quietly, as the other concluded a string of Russian compli-ments; "but I have determined to do these things for myself, without any assistance. The sergeant of the party knows the way, I presume."
"I shall have the honor of

sending the best warrior of the camp with your—" began the General.

The young officer raised his

hand gently.
"Nothing but captain," he said. "I am Captain Blank, of the Cossacks of the guard, on duty here, that is all, General. Does the sergeant know the way to the next post?"

"He does, captain," said the General, soberly.

"Then farewell," said Captain Blank.

As he spoke he waved his hand and shook his way. His steed appraise forward with a

his rein. His steed sprung forward with a bound, and carried him to the gate of the As he appeared there, a gruff voice camp.

within shouted: Mount! Then twelve Cossacks leaped on their horses like a flash, and a sergeant with a tremendous beard rode out of the gate and saluted Captain

"We gladly obey your honor."* Captain Blank looked at the grim sergeant and his wild-appearing escort with an amuse smile. Then he kindly returned the salute, and

"What is thy name, friend?"
"Sergeant Potapoff, at your honor's service,"

said the other. "Then follow me, Potapoff, and the rest of you, my children.'

And the young officer started at a gallop, followed by the hard-riding Cossacks at the same speed, and turned toward the open steppe

In a very short time they had passed the * The Russian soldier's formula, "Tsu hara tsi ya."

camp, ridden over the edge of the vast bowl on whose rim the fort was built, and were alone in the steppe, for the flag-staff of the fort was rows."

For some time Captain Blank rode silently on, the frozen snow crackling under the rough ed shoes of his horse, keeping a steady course to the north-east. The sky that had been bright in the Aral valley, was fast growing gray, and gathering into dark clouds to the

"The last snow, your honor, and 'tis ever the

post, if it comes on

Potapoff wrinkled up his weather-beaten face and looked ahead.

very rapidly.
"We can, your honor," he said, gravely,

"But you think I am not able to face the

"What would you recommend then?" said the captain. "If your honor will let an old rider, who remembers the White Czar, speak freely, he would say, turn back till the storm is over."

Captain Blank looked at the old sergeant with a curious look. "Whom do you mean by the White Czar?"

he asked, disregarding the latter portion of the Cossack's speech. "Whom but the blessed Alexander, whom the saints have in their holy keeping," Potapoff; and he crossed himself devoutly

"And the present Czar, what is he called?" asked the captain, with a smile.

As he spoke, down came the storm in a whirl of snow-flakes, and snatched and tore at the cloaks of the horsemen, while the spirited little horses snorted with disgust and strove to

turn their backs to the blinding snow Potapoff continued his answer as if nothing had happened. "We call him the Black Czar, because w

believe the Black One has misled his mind, as he did that of the Czar Paul."*

"But you think I am not able to face the same hardships," said the young captain, good-humoredly. "Well, Potapoff, you shall see. How long will it last, think you?"

"Three long days," said the old sergeant, gravely; "but your honor must know 'tis no "Black Czar." The present Emperor, Alexander II., son

The captain looked at the sergeant through, a thing. the snow-flakes with a strange expression. "You talk like a bold man, sergeant." "I am a free Don Cossack," was the simple

Some sort of sudden irritability seemed to seize Captain Blank, for he struck spurs into his horse and rode into the teeth of the storm

at full speed, followed by the hardy Cossacks. On through gathering snow-drifts he dashed, without any seeming object, facing the cutting storm as if he rejoiced in it, till the distant howling of a pack of wolves on the steppe came

past his ears, borne on the wings of the north Then he beckoned Potapoff alongside once

"What are those wolves howling about?" he asked, as he listened to the approaching cry. 'Is there game on the steppe?"
Potapoff shook his head. They could hardly

hear each other for the noise of the storm, as he shouted back:
"Not a head, your honor. It must be some

travelers. "Then come on, in God's name. He sent us here," cried Captain Blank, in answer. And away went the Cossack patriot toward the distant wolves, led by mysterious Captain Blank.

of Nicholas, inherits the amiable disposition and be-loved title of his uncle. He also is known as the "White Czar." The Emperor Paul was generally thought to be a madman, and was assassinated.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE STORM.

PRESENTLY through the storm came flying a sledge, drawn by three horses at full speed, but without any noise of bells, while a black crowd of wolves galloped alongside, and tried to spring up at the hor-ses and into the sledge, howl-ing and specified. ing and snarling.
At the moment when this

strange sight came across them, there was a red flash from the sledge, and the report of a gun; then a terrible snarling and growling followed, in the midst of which was heard the shrieks of a woman, as a black crowd of wolves leaped into the

of wolves leaped into the sledge.

A dark figure fell out behind on the snow, and Captain Blank fired into a heap of struggling wolves six shots from his revolver, while the Cossacks, with loud hurrahs, speared at the rest of the figure. speared at the rest of the fierce brutes, as they galloped along-side the sledge, and fled into

the steppe, out of sight.

Then, in a moment as it seemed, the young captain found himself left alone in the driving storm, the wolves all scattered in dismay, sledge and Cossacks alike lost to view and rushing toward the fort before the merciless gale, while in front of him lay two dead wolves, and a woman, who might or might not be dead as the case should turn out.

The young captain was in the act of swinging himself off his horse to find out, when the woman rose up on her knees in the snow, and turned her face

And Captain Blank stared at it in wonderment, for it was as the face of the queen of all beauty, and that beauty bru-

Eyes of wonderful size and denth were fixed on his, eyes whose magnetic power might have lured angels down from heaven. The fur hood which had concealed her in the sledge had fallen back in the struggle with the wolves, and allowed a mass of black curls to escape over her shoulders; while a dark face, with the perfect outline of Italian beauty, keen, aquiline and rich in color, com-pleted the spell which enthrall-

This lovely creature, kneeling there alone in the snow, clasped her hands piteously and addressed him in imploring

"For the love of our Lord Christ and all the saints, good my lord, ride back whence you came, and leave me here."

The officer for a moment was astounded.

"Leave you here, madam, in the midst of a terrible snowstorm! As an officer and a gentleman I could not do such

"As an officer and a gentleman, if you wish to earn the undying gratitude of a broken-hearted woman, do not detain me," she cried, passionately. "Oh, you do not know what hangs upon my journey, sir, or you would not stop me. I can not, I will not go with you to that fort, alive."

The young officer looked gravely at her. Wildly as the storm swept past them, there was something in this frail, beautiful girl that seemed to defy all its rage, and to be totally de-void of fear, even after her late escape from instant death by such a hair's breadth.
"Gracious lady," said Captain Blank, "if I

leave you here in the snow, you will infallibly be buried alive and frozen to death. Do you know that?"

Then, for the first time, she started up, and looked around as if bewildered, murmuring:

"The sledge—where is Demetri?"

"The sledge has been carried away by your frightened horses," said the officer, kindly; and ere this, my Cossacks have found and stopped it. Your only chance of reaching it is

to go with me."

"And what then?" asked the lady, eagerly;
"may I pursue my way? Will you not stop

"I fear it will be my duty to take you to the fort," said the captain, in a grave tone, "unless you have a regular passport." "I have none," said the lady, frankly, but in a despairing tone; "but oh, sir, something in





the only thing that remained visible to mark the Russian post, and that was fast disappearing under the land.

north, and a cold, damp wind came whistling past their ears

Captain Blank slackened his pace, unstrapped his cloak and wrapped himself in it. Then he beckoned to Potapoff to come up alongside. What does that cloud mean, friend?"

"Can we go through, think you, to the next

The dark cloud was coming toward them

and pity from you. On my journey hang life, dead, with a cross-cut over his cleft heart. He liberty, and happiness, for one who—"

He extended his own as he spoke. With singular activity the lady placed one foot on his in the stirrup, and sprung up to the horse's

croup.
"We have lost time enough," said Captain Blank. "Now we must ride to save our Away went the fiery Ukraine stallion down

toward Fort Peroffsky.

After a long ride, the horse began to neigh loudly, and the call was answered some distance

"My Cossacks and the sledge," was the only commentary of Captain Blank.

He felt the figure of his companion tremble all over as he spoke, and the clasp of her arms loosened round his waist, but she said noth-

Fresently a gray, plunging ghost of a horse-man powdered with snow loomed up ahead; and grim sergeant Potapoff came riding up, sa-

luting as if nothing had happened.
"Where is the sledge?" asked the captain, as Potapoff wheeled and rode alongside in si-

Through the howling storm the Cossack shouted back:

"Halted, a verst ahead, gracious captain. We could not kill off the wolves and stop it be-

"Call off your party, and we will go back to camp," said the captain. "The sledge will proceed alone." He felt a close pressure of the lady's arms as

he spoke, and Potapoff galloped away into the mist of snow-flakes, while the mysterious captain slackened his pace, and rode at a canter. "Gracious lady," he said, to his fair partner,
"I am taking a risk for your sake no other man
in Russia would take. You are about to cross the frontier, and I know what you are, a political prisoner. Nay, fear not, I will not betray you, for your face tells me you do not lie! To you

I say, do not make me repent this."

The tones of his voice were grave and solemn. and he turned and looked in his companion's face. The dark eyes met his own blue ones with perfect frankness, and they were full of

tears, as she answered:

"I hope not," he said, gravely; "and now tell me frankly, are you not afraid to face this storm alone? Remember that our post is the only human habitation for many hundred

"My lord," said the lady, proudly, "you say you know me. If you do, you know that a Russian noble never feared to be alone with

As she spoke, they discerned the dim outline of the sledge through the driving snow, and there on the box sat the man she had called Demetri, waiting, while the party of Cossacks were drawn up at some distance off. The cap-tain pulled up by the sledge, and the lady jumped off and buried herself among the furs, strange officer without speaking, and kissed her hand. He raised his cap in a courteous salute, Demetri cracked his whip, and away went the sledge to the south, lost in the storm in a mo-

Captain Blank rode slowly toward the fort, ptain Blank rode slowly toward the fort, in deep thought. Ere long he beckoned ptapoff, and asked:

—an enemy of mine. Do you mean to say that my minister of police does not know?"

Gorloff turned pale under his master's anger, to Potapoff, and asked: 'Sergeant, what lies in the way yonder

be lost to a certainty unless-Unless what?"

"Unless they come across the Middle Horde of the Tartars, and then God help them, for the heathen will sell them for slaves to the Khan of to his imperial highness, the Czarevitch."*

CHAPTER III.

THE MINISTER OF POLICE.

In a large chamber in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburgh stood a handsome officer of courtly presence, dressed in the dark-green uniform of a Major - General, his breast covered with crosses, while under his arm was a large

The handsome dark face of this officer, with a closely-trimmed black mustache, had yet a stealthy and cunning look about it that was not altogether agreeable. He stood with his head bent, smiling obsequiously before a very tall, heavily-built man, in the uniform of an officer of cuirassiers, who sat by a table on which reposed his helmet and sword, an expression of pride and irritation on his haughty features. Your majesty commanded me to watch at

all times, and I have done so," said the obsequious General. "My spies are in every regiment and garrison from Lapland to Peroffsky,

"Enough, enough, General," said the czar, harshly. "Your trumpet is a loud one, but you las if answering the question: "His imperial highness, the Czarevitch." ute what they are saying about the declaration of war in Moscow ?"

The General smiled, blandly, and opened his portfolio, from which he produced a paper,

Your majesty has only to command to be obeyed. Here is the report of Inspector Karkoff, about the language used in the tea-gar-

old story. I see the bright side of the picture

bowed and smiled deprecatingly, as he said:

"I did not wish to anger your majesty with
the sayings of that seum. Here is the report

has baffled our best men. "And what is that?" asked the czar, coldly, as he took the paper handed by the minister.
"It is the secret of the order of Knights call-

your face that tells me I can hope for reason member, but three days after he was found

"Enough," interrupted the officer, gently raising his hand as if to deprecate further speech; "I seek not to know your secrets. As an officer of the czar, it is my duty to take you to Fort Peroffsky; as a knight of the Cross, I must help a woman. Tell me only this, do you love Russia? Are you true to the czar?"

"God knoweth that I am," she said, clasping her hands. "Oh, sir, if you knew all—"
"I would know nothing but this," he said, gravely; "you are a lady and in distress. I dare not leave you to perish. Give me your hand."

"Enough," interrupted the officer, gently raising her she day in the car made no answer, but perused the paper he held, in silence. As he read, a dark frown gathered on his brow, and when he had finished, he turned to Gorloff.

"General," he said, with a face outwardly calm, but his eyes glaring fearfully, "I am glad I saw this report. These Old Believers have been a thorn in my side all these years, but I'll root them out if it costs me my crown. So they presume to criticise my measures, and call the Holy Orthodox Church schismatic, do gravely; "you are a lady and in distress. I dare not leave you to perish. Give me your hand." If one word escapes him, even if it be in the sanctity of his chamber, let me know at once, if that word be treasonable."

that word be treasonable."
Gorloff rubbed his hands, and smiled.
"The Princess Gallitzin is in my pay, sire."
Nicholas smiled back an answer. "Gorloff, you are a treasure. I hate that

man. Has he spoken "Nothing but this, your majesty. Prince Dolgoroucki told him one day that he had fallen under your majesty's displeasure, and

Away went the nery Ukraine stallon down the wind at a rapid pace, and the storm seemed to abate as he sailed before it. Captain and lady held their peace as they plunged along through the rapidly-deepening snow, which already was up to the fetlocks of the steed.

They galloped on in silence, mile after mile, their only guide the wind, which blew directly toward Fart Pereffsky. Gallitzin, before a large grade me, for my ancestors were grand dukes Holstein Gottorp.' And the company laughed, for they were all old Boyars."

The emperor's face turned purple as he listened, and he hoarsely whispered:

"He shall go to the mines for that, by the soul of Peter. Gorloff smiled again, his usual bland, insinu-

ating smile, as he said, in a low tone:

"It might not be politic at present, sire.

Prince Gallitzin is the head of the young Russian party, to which three-fourths of the high officials belong. This war with the English is by no means popular with the army, and if the prince were once in Silveria he wight to more orince were once in Siberia, he might do more nischief than even here."

The czar started, and looked at the minister earnestly. There was a hidden meaning in the other's words he had not fully fathomed, but ne felt vaguely apprehensive.
"What do you mean?" he asked. "Speak

Gorloff straightened up, and looked his maser in the face.

"Simply this, your majesty. There are five prisoners in Siberia, now, for every soldier, and all they need is a leader. This morning I received intelligence that a female crossed the border by Fort Peroffsky into the Independent Steppe, and that that female Independent Steppe, and that that female

He leaned over and whispered a name into the emperor's ear, and that name produced a remarkable effect on the czar. The autocrat of all the Russias turned pale and trembled.

"Well, well, how did she get out? What

was Grodjinsky doing to let her go?" he asked, in a low voice.

"The General was in the fort, sire; a terrible storm was raging; a Cossack patrol was out storm was raging; a Cossack patrol was out and came in, driven by the storm. One of the men babbled in his drink that their new captain had let a prisoner escape across the border; My lord, you shall not repent it, and Russia and, at the same time, I received notice that one Anna Bronk had disappeared from Tobolsk. Putting things together, I found that Anna Bronk and the escaped prisoner were the same.

Your majesty knows who is Anna Bronk. The czar listened in silence with great attention. Then he said:

"And the officer who let her escape. Is he

alive? Who is he?"

"Captain Blank, your majesty."

"Captain Blank," said the czar, slowly; 'that is no name. Who is Captain Blank?"

General Gorloff smiled again, and opened his cher's room.

"Here, your majesty," he said, "is a list, as near as my men can find out, of avowed Brothers of the Starry Cross. Captain Blank is set down as a Grand Commander.' peror rose to his feet and faced Gene

ral Gorloff, with a lurid light in his eye, that bold men were wont to quail under.
"I asked you, Gorloff, who is this captain

who dares to let prisoners cross my borders unchecked. You answer by telling me what he is

and stammered: ge is going?"

"Gracious sire, General Grodjinsky himself
did not know. This captain brought an order in your majesty's own handwriting, directing all officers on the frontier to obey him as if he were your own self. The order was couched

"To my son!" echoed the emperor, astound-

"It was a duplicate, your majesty; how obtained, no one knows. The Grand Duke Alexander arrived at the fort three days after Cap-The Grand Duke Alextain Blank left, and Grodjinsky and he had a fine laugh about the impostor. It seems that Grodjinsky took him for the grand duke him-

The czar has been listening impatiently. Now he interrupted.

"You are my minister of police. A prisoner has escaped, whose mission means death to Russia. A traitor allowed her to escape. I want that traitor found. I give you one year to bring to me the woman, one month for the man. If you fail, look to your head. I have General Gorloff saw his master was in grim

"Your majesty," he said, quietly, "there is one man in your dominions who can solve this

Who is that?" asked the czar, scornfully. At that moment a knock at the door was followed by the voice of the orderly announcing,

(To be continued.)

The Origin of the Dollar Mark .- The oriin of the dollar mark is disputed. Most old writers claim that the \$ came from the old panish pillar dollar, which bore on its reverse two "Pillars of Hercules," the ancient the two dens, by shop-keepers, serfs, and all the rest. The prevailing sentiment was loyalty to the ezar, and death to the Turk."

The czar took the paper, and glanced over it two pillars, and they are bound together (thus \$) relessly.
"Of course," he said, sullenly; "that's the that as the Spanish dollar was a piece of eight old story. I see the bright side of the picture only. General Gorloff, where is the dark side? What do the Old Believers say?"

The czar had a cold, cruel eye, and he fixed it sternly on the Minister of Police. Gorloff bowed and smiled deprecatingly, as he said:

"I did not wish to anger your majesty with the picture of eight." The name itself was been pictured by the said of the dollar. It was not called a dollar, but a "piece of eight."

The name itself was been pictured by the picture of the dollar. It was not called a dollar, but a "piece of eight."

The name itself was been pictured by the picture of the dollar. It was not called a dollar, but a "piece of eight." born in Germany, and, from the fact that the the sayings of that seum. Here is the report of Inspector Boris. He pretends to be an Old Believer, and has access to all their secrets save one. That, your majesty, I will frankly own has beffled our best men?"

The contact, from the last that the Valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, in the year 1815, it was called Joachim's thaler, the last half of this word being pronounced (and often last the valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, in the last was coined in the Valley of St. Joachim, and the last was coined in the Valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, in the last was coined in the Valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, in the last was coined in the Valley of St. Joachim, and the last was coined in the Valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, in the last was coined in the Valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, in the last was coined in the Valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, in t written) dollar.

as he took the paper handed by the minister.

"It is the secret of the order of Knights called Brothers of the Starry Cross," said Gorloff, in a low tone. "One of my men became a "Czar is a corruption of Czesar. Nicholas was thus Nicholas Alexander is now Alexander Nicholas was thus Nicholas was thu

PENSEZ A MOI.

BY WAIF.

When hands and lips shall part at last,
And hope shall smile no more,
And when of happier days you dream,
And joys forever o'er,
Should lonely grief and dark despair
Your sad companions be,
Oh, darling, then my only prayer
Is, that you'll "think of me."

But if some sunnier dawn should bid Gloom's darksome shades depart, And Time, some fairer face than mine Should shrine within your heart; Still, even though to her you bend An earnest lover's knee, Ah, yet a passing moment lend To kindly "think of me."

For wheresoe'er life's tangled path`
Shall lead my weary feet,
And though within this "vale of tears"
We never more may meet,
My heart unchanging in its love
Will soar o'er land and sea,
Returning like Noah's faithful dove
To rest—in thoughts of thee!

A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS. BY A. P. MORRIS, JR AUTHOR OF "STEALING A HEART," "BLACK HAND,"
"IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF
PEARLS," "HERGUMES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT
AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETC.

Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon.

CHAPTER XIV. THE APPARITION AGAIN.

THE APPARTITION

"Even the skies
O'erhang the desolate splendor of her domes
With an ill omen's aspect, shaping forth,
From the dull clouds, wild menacing forms and signs."

—HEMANS.

"In some lone soul whom no one sees— Oh! chase away the slow disease." Mrs. Layworth called to a passing maid the maid to the hall porter, the porter to an at

tendant lackey, who ran out to the scene of Ytol was lying prone across the path, as

though stricken senseless by some invisible hand. The children, affrighted by the spectaele, were clinging to her motionless form, crying loudly, and calling her name.

But before the lackey reached them, Ytol had recovered. She arose slowly, and whispered hoarsely to the little ones; then, after stand-

ing dizzily for some moments, she walked toard the house. Her face was blanched in its expression of error; her eyes were staring and startled; her

whole appearance that of one who restrains, by a great effort, the impulse to shriek aloud and fall helpless under the influence of a gnaw-

with the inquiry. 'Nothing much, madam-nothing," she ar ticulated, in a faint, unnatural voice. "I—I am unwell. A sudden illness. Permit me to

retire to my room Certainly. Shall I have you waited up-"No, no; never mind. I will be better soon," and she hastened on up the stairway.

Ione was still standing by the window, on the second floor. She gazed hard at the white face, as it went by, and muttered: "It is strange—very strange. How much like the picture!"

When Ytol had gone, Ione sought her mo-Crossing the apartment, she gently grasped a

ong fold of crape that hung down over a massive oil painting; and drawing this aside, she gazed upward in silence. It was the picture of a young and beautiful oman, with eves, hair that was

and massy, and in the mouth a mold of angelic weetness. Ione seemed riveted in contemplation. She peheld, here, a resemblance to Ytol, so strong

hat it was marvelous. While she gazed thus, Mrs. Layworth enter Pausing, she, too, looked steadfast at the

Ione, it is wonderful."

"Strange, strange, indeed."
"But come; hide it. I do not care to look at it. I once loved that face; now, I hate it." "The face of your sister."
"Hide it, Ione—hide it." Ione allowed the crape to fall back again,

and turned away. 'Where are you going?" "To change my dress. I fear Lord Somers will grow weary with waiting. He has come

for a long visit."

"Stay," interrupted her mother, laying a hand upon her arm. "Has he spoken to the

point yet?"
"Not yet, mother."

"Do you think he will?" "Most assuredly. I expect it to-day, by what has already been spoken."
"And when he does?—"

And when he does ?-"I shall accept him." Ione withdrew Mrs. Layworth followed her with her large,

lustrous eyes, and a train of varied thoughts ran riot in her mind, just then—half of her child, and the prospective match with Lord Somers, and half of the new governess, whose urrival had, in so short a time, created a doule mystery in the household of Wilde Manor. Then her eyes wandered to the vailed portrait, and she shook her head strangely.

True to his promise, Captain D'Arcy called, on the following day, to bid Ytol adieu.

He found the young girl pale and nervous.

At the first opportunity, when alone with er, he inquired the cause of her apparent inlisposition-apparent, because unrest, pain, fear was written in her features: the stamp

They were walking together before the nouse, and Ytol leaned heavily on his arm.
"You look sad," he said. "Don't you like our new home?

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Layworth is very kind."
"Then what is the trouble?" "I am not complaining, Captain D'Arcy."
"With the lips, no; but I read it in your

The blue eyes turned timidly upon him, for a second, then drooped. She did not reply.
"Come, Ytol, you must tell me."
"I will. Captain D'Arcy, I have a wretched,

cretched life before me-"Oh, don't grow despondent!" he interrupted. "Cheer up. I guess it is a struggle for you; but you'll meet it bravely, I know,

"No, no, I don't mean that. I do not shrink from my work."
"Tell me what weighs upon you?"

"It is, that I-I am-haunted."

"Don't laugh at what I say," she almost

"Oh, Captain D'Arcy! that horrid thing we

saw on the ship. It is haunting me. I feel its presence near me at this moment. Yesterday tooked at me from that very bush—there, pointing to a clump of shrubbery at the side of

the path.
"What?—it is here at Wilde Manor?"

"Yes," said Ytol, with a shiver.
The information annoyed him. He was not superstitious; he concluded that the Satanic superstitious; he concluded that the Satanic image was trailing Ytol, to wreak harm upon her. As nothing had been seen of the Dwarf, since the night of his appearance on the quarter-deck of the Petrel, D'Arcy had hoped that he would not again find the young girl.

It was, however, beyond his power to ferretout the being of her terror. He could only encourage her not to fear it, and to keep herself sheltered, and this he strove to do even while sheltered; and this he strove to do, even while

his own heart was full of misgiving for her "I shall feel that I have no one to protect me, at all, Captain D'Arcy, when you leave. I shall miss you so much—you have been kind to me as if I were your child.'

"Keep a stout heart, my dear child. I will come and see you whenever the Petrel is at Liverpool; and while I am away, as I pray to God to preserve me in my dangerous voyage, so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so, also, will I pray for you—that He may so whether the scane without escort."

"I am not out of favor yet, I presume. Please accept. Have you been far?"

I one was stiffly silent.

"Over to the Lodge. I received an application of the property of the presume." "Keep a stout heart, my dear child. I will watch over, and guard you from peril. If you ever have trouble here, go to the Queen's Hotel, and tell them that you are my ward. You will be treated kindly there, for they know me well. I will always be your friend, Ytol; and when the world looks darkest, you can come to my arms and call me 'father.'" my arms and call me 'father.

God bless you, Captain D'Arcy! God bless you!" and one great sob of emotion burst from Ytol's lips, as she looked up into the kind face.
When Captain D'Arcy went away she retired to her room, and sat in the twilight gloaming gazing out dreamily over the lawn.

Despite the captain's assuring friendship, her reveries were netted in mourning: she could not dispel the gloom that shadowed her lonely spirit, and this augmented by the thought

of danger that hovered nigh.

She had a view of the path in which she walked in the afternoon of the day gone; the bushes in which she caught sight of the unearthly features that were haunting her—the features of Catdjo, the Dwarf.

That he had tracked her to Wilde Manor As her eyes rested upon the bush a chillness crept into her veins; she imagined the hideous apparition again there, glaring at her.

With a shudder she left the window.

On the morrow she was to begin with the children. She needed rest and newer energies for the task ahead, and sought her couch at an early hour.

> CHAPTER XV. LORD SOMERS MEETS YTOL.

"And if a tear, that speaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpse of joy that we have met
Shall shine and dry the tear."
—Cowper. "I saw it-

'Twas no foul vision—with unblinded eyes
I saw it: his fond hands, as once in mine,
Were wreathed in hers."
—MILMAN. A WEEK elapsed.
Ytol devoted herself arduously to Cecil and Walter, and the youthful scholars were growing to love their preceptress more and more

Mrs. Layworth noticed with pleasure the at tachment that had sprung up between teacher and pupils, and amply indicated her satisfacion by her actions toward the young gov-

Ytol was encouraged by approval, and Wilde Manor assumed a sunny look for her.
"You are getting along finely, Miss Lyn."

She was passing through the hall one afternoon, after the recitations of the day, to take her charges out for a stroll. Mrs. Layworth met her at the parlor door, and addressed her

pleasantly. "I am glad you think so, madam," returned she, smiling; "I am doing my best; and I beieve your children rather love than fear me.

We progress happily, at least."
"Are you going to the lake?"
"Oh, yes!" cried Walter, "to the lake—let's go to the lake and get in a boat.

And Cecil echoed: To the lake!" With Mrs. Layworth's consent they directed heir steps thither. It was about a half a mile from the house: a broad pond, surrounded by luxuriant foliage—lying like a glistening mir-ror beneath the trees. There was a boat-house, with steps leading to the water's edge, and light shells-of-boats, with cushioned seats, and eather-like oars painted gaudily; a kiosk, on a small island—its ebon-hued pillars twined by spirals of blooming vines, and on the top.

ball of bronze that reflected the sun's rays like blinding flame. "Can you row, Miss Lyn?" shouted Walter as he ran down the steps, in high glee.
"I am afraid not. I never tried—"

"May I give you a few lessons?" inquired a rich voice at Ytol's side.
"It's Lord Somers!" Walter cried. "He'll show you how. He can row. Ytol had met the Englishman on several oc-

casions, but never to speak with him unti He was a handsome gentleman, exceeding polite, most agreeable of carriage; his darkgray eyes were like magnets as they fixed upon the young girl, and she felt not a little embarrassed under his gaze.

'Lord Somers." "I heard you say you could not row. Let me teach you. I have come here for the same sport; so we'll call it 'interest in common, and I'll do the work. Will you get in?"

At first she thought it best to decline. It might offend Mrs. Layworth; it might seem improper, considering that a positive engage ment between him and Ione had been announc-In addition, a disagreeable realization of the insignificant position she occupied, comparatively, made the blushes dye her cheeks, while she stood hesitating. But my lord was persuasive. She yielded, and they were soon

He plied the oars with the science of a master, nor neglected a happy conversation, eloquent with the romance of their surroundings. Her reserve vanished; she found herself chatting familiarly as in the first hours of her equaintance with Jerome Foster, at Rose Grove—arguing with enthusiasm, or listening raptly to accounts of journeys to the High-lands, the coldities of Brighton Beach, and a hundred other gossipy topics, at home and abroad, that engaged, interested, or caused her

The sun was low when they returned to the boat-house. The afternoon had been one of thorough enjoyment to Ytol, and the Englishman had entered zestfully into the spirit of the

"When am I to have this same pleasure again?" he asked, as they moved away. Better not again. It would not be pro "Why, pray? Haven't you enjoyed your

self? "Indeed I have, and I thank you." "I hope we'll repeat it, then, soon."

"No, no," said Ytol, quickly. "Promise me you'll come here to-morrow, and alone-

"Do you agree?"

"I must not. Please leave me. See—there is Mrs. Layworth—Miss Ione is with her. It will not appear proper for you to be cultivating the acquaintance of the governess. I bid

"Not until you promise to come."

"Consider, sir, what you are doing—"

"Will you promise?"

"Then I promise—to avoid a scene here! Taking Cecil and Walter by their hands, she

hurried on; and as she went, she asked her "Why does Lord Somers wish me to meet him—and alone? He acts very strangely." Somers raised his hat as Ytol left him, then turned to join Mrs. Layworth and her daughter, who were approaching by another path.
"All hail!" laughed the mother, as he came

remarked Somers, with a sidelong glance at that young lady. "I was thoughtful," she answered, careless-

"May I buy your reveries?" "Oh, I'll give them away. I was thinking how enjoyable it would have been to row upon

the lake this afternoon.' "Believe me, had I imagined your desires, it would have been our programme."
"Your lack-knowledge in that particular did not deter you, it seems," with an accent of

Well, no-I was out rowing with Miss Ione inclined her head coldly. Mrs. Layworth did not catch his words.

"I hope you found her society agreeable?" in an icy tone. "I assure you I did." Ione bit her lip, to conceal a jealous pang, and her lustrous eyes gleamed like daggers as they flashed, momentarily, upon him.
"What is the name of the party wanting the

Lodge, Mrs. Layworth?"

"A female. She signs herself Dwilla St. "Dwilla St. Jean," he repeated. "Rather an attractive name.' Nearly as pretty as Ytol Lyn," added Ione,

What's the matter, Ione?" asked Mrs. Lay-Somers twirled his side-whiskers indiffer-

"Oh, nothing," replied the daughter, with one of those soulless sighs characteristic of the "society" belle. 'But you act singularly-" "Let us hasten," broke in the Englishman, abruptly. "I fear something has happened.

There seems to be some excitement. Look.'
The trio hurried forward. When they reached the house, the hall porter met them, interposing his corpulent body before several servants who were advancing

boisterously.
"What does all this mean?" demanded Mrs. Layworth, frowning.
"Why, 'e see, mum, there's— Now horder there! horder!" he cried, with widened eyes

and standing hair, as he tried to quiet the men and maids and explain simultaneously. see, mum, there's been a goost as 'as been a-coomin' round 'ere, an' t' governess, poor lass, 'as been frighte'd by't. That's all, honly she's near dead, mum—horder, there, do 'e 'ear, now?"

Miss Lyn has been frightened, you say?" "Es, mum; that's hall." "Where is she?" "In 'er room, mum, where we carried 'er,

poor lass, all of a 'eap, mum.''
"Dismiss this rabble immediately. I do not like such disturbance." "'Es, mum— D'ye 'ear 'er ladyship? hOrder, there, now. Off with 'e, I say. Will 'e not begone when 'er ladyship tells 'e go?"

"Mother, I wish to speak with you. Lord Somers, you will please excuse us for a few 'Oh, certainly.' Ione drew her mother to one side.
"It is solved," she said, lowly.
"How? what do you mean?"

"Ytol Lyn is haunted." Ione! "I am sure of it. Mark her worn and weary expression—she constantly wears it; and it can not be overwork. Note the restless glances of her eyes; her timidity; her continual watching this direction and that. I have seen all this And now we are told of a ghost. Is it not con vincing? Let-us lose no more time, but make this girl explain the mystery of her life." Yes, we ought to attend to it at once."

acquiesced the mother. "Interview her in your room," suggested Ione, "and show her the vailed picture." "It shall be done," assented Mrs. Layworth, catching a hint from her daughter's words.
"Stay, mother, one thing more: did you know that Lord Somers and Miss Lyn were out on the lake together, this afternoon?'

No," in surprise. "Well, they were." Ione compressed her ips, and began patting with her foot. You are not jealous, Ione? I don't think you need fear Miss Lyn. "I am not jealous, nor would I allow myself to 'fear.' But I do not like what has occurred.

I am astonished at him, and I censure her.'
"I'll speak to Miss Lyn about it." At precisely nine o'clock that evening, Ytol eceived a summons from Mrs. Layworth. The young girl was in the nursery, at the time, assisting Cecil and Walter at their study.
"There, dears, that will do. You may go to

"Oh! Miss Lyn, don't look so sad," cried Walter, throwing his arms round her neck.

"Do I look sad?" trying to smile. "Yes, you do; you look as if you was sick. Are you sick, Miss Lyn?"
"I do not feel well. But I'll be better to-

morrow." And, as she started to obey the message from Mrs. Layworth:

"Sick?"—dwelling on the child's speech,
"yes; oh! how sick. My heart is failing me.
I can not live long in this way—with that horrible specter appearing at every turn. Am I to be haunted to death? Have I done any thing to merit the misery which this thing's presence gives me? Oh! Heaven shield me. Let me

> CHAPTER XVI. A STRANGE EFFECT.

find some respite, some escape."

"How, ever and anon, awakes the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors
In this long, restless dream."

"What are these, So withered and so wild in their attire, That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, And yet are on't?"

Mrs. Layworth's apartments were in rather a secluded portion of the commodious house, between a double-angle, or recessed wall overgrown with dense vines-where there pervaded a gloomy atmosphere by day, and a grave-like solitude by night.

She and her daughter were sitting at a large round table covered with a fancily wrought cover of green; and a giant lamp, burning beneath its mellow shade, cast a wavering light

They were awaiting Ytol. When the young governess entered, she paused near the door, and silently returned the

searching gaze with which the two regarded her.
"You sent for me, Mrs. Layworth?" "Yes. Advance, please, and be seated. We

wish to talk with you."

When Ytol had appropriated a chair:
"You look unwell, Miss Lyn."
"I am not well, madam."

"We desire to touch upon the cause."
"You are very kind. A mere indisposition, madam; I shall be better by to-morrow."
"She is telling a falsehood," thought Ione,

who was watching her keenly.
"I want you to tell us, Miss Lyn, what it is that is disturbing your peace of mind. can not conceal it from us; something is wor-

Ytol started, scarce visibly, and the blue eyes

raised. The question was repeated.
"If I tell you, madam—"
"Then I shall be satisfied. So, you do admit that there is a mystery connected with

Yes, Mrs. Layworth," she confessed, sub-

"You must explain it to us. First, answer me this: is your true name 'Lyn?"

Again she started, again her glance fell; her head bowed, and she answered, lowly: "It is not."

Ione touched her mother with her foot beneath the table.
"Then, what is it?"
"Oh, Mrs. Layworth!" she cried, looking

pleadingly at her questioner, "promise me that I shall not be sent away; promise that you will not drive me from Wilde Manor when you learn what an unfortunate girl I am. Do not shun me and withdraw your protection—I need it, oh! so sorely; and I will tell you all." 'Proceed," with an assenting inclination of

Once more Ytol revealed her brief, sad his tory—poured out the story of her miserable lot, and the entanglements which fate had woven and seemed even still weaving in her unhappy

Her listeners were strangely interested. Ione, markedly silent throughout, sat like a statue deeply attentive. "After all," reminded Mrs. Layworth, "you

have not told me your real name."
"Because I do not know what it is. Herbert Lyn gave me his name; I was never called by any other. Yet—stay," remembering the words of her masked tormentor on that fearful night at sea, "I recollect now—once, by the enemie I told you of—"

"They who are haunting you?" "Yes. By them I was called 'Ytol Du-'H-a! Ione, do you hear? She was called

'Dufour! "Just as we suspicioned, mother," observed Ione, quietly. "I think this is beginning to

While they conversed, they dreamed not that there was another party to this interview. An ugly face peered in at the open window, from thick foliage of a tree whose branches grew close to the sill. A pair of glowing, gleaning scintillating eyes were fastened, like the orbs

of a serpent, on Ytol.
"Ytol," Mrs. Layworth spoke rapidly, "we have reason to believe that we know Unless we are greatly mistaken, your father's name was Silas Dufour, and your mother was

Ytol did not answer. Surprise was molded in her features, for these were the names mentioned by the masked figure who was her cap tor on the yacht. What could Mrs. Layworth know of her father and mother, if these were

You say you never saw your mother?" "Never, I guess; for I do not remember Perhaps if you saw her you would know."

"If I saw her?" repeated Ytol.
"Yes. What if I were to show you her picture, as she looked in your infant days?" "Oh, Mrs. Layworth! can it be possible? Did you know my mother? Can you tell me anything of her, and who I am?" There was a beseeching eagerness in her tone, her veins thrilled with a strangely-born hope that she might hear something to prove her identity and

lift her up from the dark shadows which surrounded her origin. "I think-ay, I am sure I knew her well." The eyes of the speaker flashed and glittered, and bent with a piercing sternness upon the young girl. She leaned slightly forward: one hand grasped and crushed the cloth of the

The look, the force of speech awed Ytol. Those black, dazzling orbs were penetrating to her soul, to read the tremors of her heart, and discern the nervous feeling which seized her.
"Mrs. Layworth, what do you know of my

mother?" she gasped, with a short breath. 'I know that I hated her! I know that she robbed me of what I, at one time, held most dear on earth !- though now, I half forgive it for the man she wedded, and whom I loved proved to be a worthless drunkard. The same blood that runs in her veins, runs in mine When I married, she was the cause of my husfather of Ione; I was wedded and widowed twice. You are the child of Nora Dane. Look! and another man, with Don Gregorio, an invalid, and Captain Lautanas insane.

Should the escaping pirates succeed in seizing the barque, then—an

She arose suddenly, and advanced to the

vailed picture. Tearing aside the crape:

"See! Have you any recollection of her

An indescribable sensation crept into Ytol's veins. The beautiful portrait struck a mysteri-ous chord in her breast; her thoughts went must reach the boat before them. back, back on lightning wings in an effort to conjure up the past associations that linked the voice likeness in her mind.

Through the relighted corridor of memory, with its countless changes, like paintings on the wall of years—back, back, till the brain boat-hook with brandishes around his head, paused, aching with its strain. And a dim vision of that face arose in a dream of love's sunshine, caressing her fondly, and lips whis- keel clear, sending the boat adrift. But, before pering soft syllables in her baby ears.

yet the feeling was there, the weird and hallowed influence, the music of low lullabys that

wooed to sweet repose She was governed by-she knew not what; mechanically she sunk from the chair to the

floor, on her knees.

"My mother!" rung tremulously forth. "Oh, I know it must be my mother—something tells me it must be so. My heart! my heart! Mother !-dear! dear mother! is it you?"

The moaning voice was not her own, it seemed as if another being spoke. She was like one in a trance; she knelt there, oblivious to all, every thing, save the half-ecstatic, half-agonizng contemplation of what she saw.
"Mother, it is she!" cried Ione, starting up.
"We have found the missing heir!"

And she is my-'

At that instant they were interrupted by a strange cry, like the short, sharp yelp of a snarling dog, followed by a crash of glass—and the long curtains at the windows were dashed in a mass from the cornice.

A figure bounded in upon the floor, a loathsome gorilla-like object, ill-shapen and frightful, and from whose mouth issued a chattering,

Catdjo, the Dwarf!

Mrs. Layworth shrunk, and was transfixed before the apparition; every vestige of color fled from her cheeks; like a staring corpse she stood against the wall, with one hand outstretched on the papered surface. Not alone her horror at being confronted by a human so hideous; but beneath the guise of deformity and Satanic mien she discovered something. and Satanic mien, she discovered something, recognized a familiar countenance, that curdled her blood, that made her heart rise in her throat.

Ione, wildly excited and terrified, took a step forward, then halted, riveted.

Ytol, roused from the spell that held her, uttered a quick scream, then a low, deep groan, "Mother "shrieked Ione, in a voice of fear.

"Oh, God!" gurgled from Mrs. Layworth's hueless lips. "It is he! It is he!"

"Who, mother?—who? What is it?"

But the Dwarf heeded them not. His flaming eyes were bent upon the portrait, which was still exposed by the frozen, rigid hand that

held the crape folds back.

One of his limbs was thrown to the front, and his body leaning slightly backward. His arms were raised half-way at his sides, and fists clenched; his broad chest heaved, till his breath came loud through his nostrils.

There was that in the picture which awakened a seething fire of emotion in his breast, rage nate and madness combined—a mighty passion to vibrate every fiber of his torvous frame.

It appeared as if he would spring at the beautiful face and tear it from its cords, to

crunch it in his doubling, twisting, writhing hands. A fearful tableau; doubly significant in as-

But, hark!—footsteps; pattering, shuffling, running footsteps in the hall without.

Ytol's scream had rung and echoed to the ears of the servants below; these, with Lord

Somers at their lead, were hastening to the The Dwarf also heard. A change came over him. Quickly wheeling around, he ran to the table and extinguished the light.

Darkness. And the dread creature present invisibly!
"Oh, Heaven!" gasped Mrs. Layworth, tottering and groping away from the wall.
"Mother! Mother! where are you?"

Ione heard a sound as if of a falling body. Then the door was burst open.

The lamp was relighted, and when its

rays illuminated the apartment, Somers and the servants drew back apace in amazement Mrs. Layworth and Ytol were lying insensi-

ble on the floor; Ione clung to a chair for sup-port, ghostly white, and quivering from head But the Dwarf—the cause of the scene of

terror—had disappeared.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 187.)

The Specter Barque. A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID, ADTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXIV. A DESPERADO'S END

"Hillon! Help! Help!"
The cries come up from the shore in the voice funnet, the coxswain. Quick succeeding, rozier hears his own name, with the "help, reiterated.

Deferring further explanation with Blew, he dashes down toward the beach; Cadwallader and the gold-diggers following: all save two, who stay to guard the robbers who have sur-On clearing the rocky portal they see what is

causing the coxswain to sing out. Nor do they wonder at his terrified accents. For the sight sends a scare to their own hearts, they, too, simultaneously uttering ejaculations of alarm. Grunnet is in the boat, standing erect, with the boat hook in his hands. He holds it above

his head, still continuing to shout. Four men are making toward him, fast as their legs can carry them. They are coming around the cove along its right side, and have already reached within twenty yards of the boat.

There is no speculation as to who they are. Crozier and Cadwallader recognize two of them on sight—the quicker that they have not turned up unexpectedly. While the same two are not unknown to some of the gold-diggers, who have seen them in the saloon El Dorado.

The other two-but no matter. That is of slight importance now. The point is to prevent them from seizing the boat and making away with her—their intention, as all can see.

And seeing it, they are thrilled with a sense of danger—a cold, shivering fear. For now

they remember they have left scarce any one

the boat, and boarding the barque, then-an appalling prospect!

They do not dwell upon it, but bend all their

energies to arrest the terrible catastrophe. On they go, bounding over bowlders, crushing through shells and pebbles, Crozier at their Perceiving this, Crozier calls out, in loud

"Shove off, Grunnet! Get her into deep

water. Bear a hand!" ering soft syllables in her baby ears.

It was indistinct—oh, how flickering it came! he can recover to repeat the push, pistols are fired, and, simultaneous with the reports, he is seen going down doubled over the bow-thwart.

A cry of vengeance peals from the pursuing party; maddened, they rush on.

Oh, God! are they too late!

It would seem so floor, on her knees.

Her hands clasped with a quick motion; her eyes turned yearningly on the picture; one long, struggling breath, and then:

Over the gunwale of the boat, no longer defended, the four pirates have sprung, each of the gunwale of the boat, no longer defended, the four pirates have sprung, each of them laying hold of an oar. Already have long, struggling breath, and then:

Again the Wind in the chain to the floor, on her knees.

Over the gunwale of the boat, no longer defended, the four pirates have sprung, each of the dan't showed up as ye did just in the nick leaving it undone, all military that it undone, all military that it undone the power and military.

Ye hadn't showed up as ye did just in the nick leaving it undone, all military that it undone, all military that it undone the power and military.

Ye hadn't showed up as ye did just in the nick leaving it undone, all military that it undone, all military that it undone that it undone the picture fended, the four pirates have sprung, each of the boat, no longer defended, the four pirates have sprung, each of the boat, no longer defended, the four pirates have sprung, each of the boat, no longer defended, the four pirates have sprung, each of the dan't showed up as ye did just in the nick leaving it undone, all military than the chain the following it undone.

Ye hadn't showed up as ye did just in the nick leaving it undone, all military that it undone the pirates and the pir

they are yet beyond pistol range!
Oh, God! are they to get away—those guilty

Ha! Something stays them! God is not for them; the oar-blades rise and fall, but the boat moves not! Her keel is upon coral; her bilge resting upon its rough projections. Their weight pressing down holds her fast, and the

They had not calculated on this obstruction, which proves the turning point of their fate. No use leaping out now, and lightening the boat, to get her again afloat. Too late for that or any other scheme for escape. There remains only the alternative of resistance, which means death, or surrender, that may seem to promise the same. De Lara would resist, and die; so, also, Rocas. But the other two are against it, instinctively clinging to whatever chance of life may be left them.

The coward, Calderon, cuts short the uncer-

The coward, Calderon, cuts short the uncertainty by rising erect, stretching forth his arms in a piteous appeal for mercy.

In an instant after they are surrounded, the boat grasped by the gunwale, and dragged back to the shore; the indignant rescuers with difficulty being restrained from shooting and difficulty being restrained from shooting and treading them down upon the thwarts.

They would do this were Grunnet dead. Fortunately, they find him alive, and little hurt, a bullet having struck his skull, creasing and only stunning him. Assured of his safety they pull the four pirates out of the boat, and disarming, take them to the cave, for a

time to be their prison.

Not for long. There is a Judge present beore whom trials are short, and sentences quick y followed by execution. It is the celebrated

Represented by a stalwart digger-all the others acting as jury—the trial is speedily brought to a termination. For the four Californians the verdict is guilty, the sentence death on the scaffold. The others, less criminal, to be carried on to Panama, and there de livered over to the Chilian consul, their crime being the robbing of the Chilian barque.

An exception is made in the case of Striker and Davis. The Sydney Ducks receive conditional pardon, on promise of better behavior throughout all future time. This they obtain by the intercession of Harry Blew, in accord ance with the hint given on late leaving them

beside the spread tarpaulin.

Of the four sentenced to be hanged, but three in this way suffer execution. The fourth meets his fate in a different manner, though with des-tiny the same. If not his own wish, by his own doing, De Lara dies first of the four. not, as they, like a scared dog; but a fierce tiger, resisting to the last—to the end longing The recovered gold-dust is gathered together,

packed and put into the boat. The senoritas are cloaked, impatient to be taken back to the barque, yearning to embrace him they have been long fearing dead. The young officers stand beside them—all awaiting the last scene of the tragedy, which is to be the carrying out of the sentence decreed. The stage is set for it; this the level spot of

ground in front of the greater cave. A rope hangs down, with running noose at the end, its other end, in default of gallows arm and the absence of trees, rigged over the point of a proecting rock.

De Lara is led out first—a digger on each

De Lara is led out hist—a digger on each side conducting him. He is not tied or confined in any way; but free, both hand and foot. They have no fear of his making escape. He could not. And knowing this, he has no thought of attempting it.

But a thought of something else—of his resolve montally under the configuration.

olve mentally made and confessed to Calderon The fiendish purpose comes back to him now,

with what chance of executing it?

As he is conducted out of the cave, his eyes, glaring with lurid light, go searching every where, till they rest upon a group at less than twenty paces distant. It is composed of four persons, Crozier and Carmen Montijo—Cad-wallader and Inez Alvarez, standing two and

At the last pair De Lara looks not: the first only claim his attention. One glance he gives them, another to a pistol holstered on the hip of one of the men guard-

ing him. A spring, a clutch, and he has possession of it. A bound, and he is off from between the two carelessly conducting him; and runs to-

ward the four who stand apart Fortunately for Edward Crozier, for Carmen Montijo as well—there are cries of alarmshouts of warning, sent by several voices, that reach him together. He turns on hearing them, and sees the approaching danger in time to take steps for arresting it. Simple enough these—the only ones he can think of, nly the drawing of his own pistol, and firing

at the fiend who advances There are two shots, one on each side; though almost simultaneous, one precedes the other by a slight instant of time, enough to decide which

De Lara's pistol cracks last; and as the smoke from it swerves up, the gambler is seen astretch along the sward, red blood spurting out from his breast, and spreading over his

Harry Blew, rushing up and bending over him, cries out:

"Dead! Shot through the heart—a brave heart, too! What a pity 'twar so black!"
"Come away, mia querida," says Crozier to Carmen. "You've had sufficient of the horrible. Let that be the last scene for us. The other we needn't wait to witness."

Taking his betrothed by the hand, he leads her to the boat, Cadwallader with Inez going after. All four seat themselves in the sternsheets, and wait for the diggers to come down. They soon appear, conducting their prisoners, the former crew of the Condor, all but four. These they have left behind-a banquet for bald vultures and crested caracuras!

CHAPTER LXXXV. THE SAILOR'S STORY.

THE Chilian barque has rounded Cabo Mala, and is standing for the port of Panama.

With a full crew—most of them able seamen no fear but that she will reach it now. Cro-ier in command has restored Harry Blew to is position of first officer, which so far from

naving forfeited, he now doubly deserves, Enfeebled by the long period of privation, he ex-man-o'-war's man is excused from duty, Cadwallader doing it for him. He is strong enough however to tell the two young officers that which they are impatient to hear-the story of the Specter Barque. Occupied in attentions to their recovered sweethearts, they have deferred seeking the full explanation, which

only the sailor can give them.

Now, on the morning after sailing from Montijo Bay, they demand it. Calling him before them on the quarter-deck, Harry Blew begins:

"Your honors: it's a twisted-up yarn from the start up to the time ye hove in sight; an' if

the oars, and dropped blades in the water, and there. Thank the Lord for our delivery, with- without giving chase; and instead of our beout any disparagement to what's been done by yourselves, gentlemen. Sure He must ha' sent you, an' has had a guidin' hand throughout the whole thing. I can't help thinkin' so, when I look back on the scores o' strange chances that seemed goin' against the good, but have skeered

round to it after all."

"True," assents Crozier, honoring the devout faith of the sailor; "you are quite right in ascribing it to Divine interference. Certainly,

God's hand has been extended in our favor But go on!"
"Well, to begin at the beginnin', which is when you left me in San Francisco. As I told Master Willie that day he comed ashore in the dingy, I war engaged to go chief mate in the Chili barque. She war then a ship; afterward convarted, 'count o' shortness o' hands. When erward made known some of them; not all. There When are points too delicate to have been touched I first went aboard, an' for some days after, I war myself the only thing in the shape o' a sailor she'd got. Then her captain, that poor crazed creetur below, put advertisements in the papers offerin' big pay. That, as I then supposed brought aboard eleven chaps callin' themselves sailors, an' shippin' as such. One o' 'em, for want o' better, war made second-mate—his name bein' entered in the books as Padillo. He was the last o' the three swung up, an' if ever a man desarved hangin', he did, being the cussedest scoundrel o' the whole lot. Well, after we'd waited another day or two, an' no more making appearance, the skipper concluded to start. Then the old gentleman along wi' the two saynoreetas came aboard, when we cleared an' stood out to sea. Afore leavin' port I had a suspishun about the sort o' crew we'd ship But soon's we war fairly afloat, it got to be somethin' worse than suspishum. I war sartin then we'd an ugly lot to deal with. Still at first I only believed them to be bad men, an' if that war possible, worse sailors. Lexpect them turnin' mutinous. But on the second night after leavin' land, I found out what proved them somethin' o' a still darker color—that war nothin more nor less than a set o' piratical conspirators. Also that they had a plan ready laid out. A lucky chance led me to discover their infernal scheme. The two we've agreed to let go, by name Jack Striker an' Bill Davis, both old birds from the convict gang of Aus-tralya, war talkin' it over between themselves, an' I chanced to overhear them. What the sayed made every thing clear, as it also made my hair stand on eend. 'Twar a plot to plunder the ship o' the gold-dust Don Gregorio had got in her, an' carry off the dear girls. At the same time they war to scuttle the vessel an' sink her, first knockin' the old gentleman on the head, as also the skipper, besides sarvin' war knubble screen the same very. The cook your humble servant the same way. The cook war to be similarly disposed o'. On listenin' to the dyabolikal plot, I war clear dumbfoundered, an' for a while didn't know what to do. Twar a case o' life an' death; the last sartin or some o' us, an' for the saynoreetas some thin' worse. At first I thort o' tellin' Captain Lautanas, an' also Don Gregorio. But then I see'd that if I did it would only make death surer to all o' us as war doomed. I knowed the skipper to be a man o' innocent, unsuspi cious natur', an' mightn't believe in such a scheme o' durned rascality bein' possible. More like he'd let out right away, an' bring on the bloody buz'ness sooner than they intended. From what Striker an' Davis said, I made out hat it war to be kept back till we should sight land somewhere near Panama. After a big spell o' thinkin' I see'd a sort o' long way out spen o thinkin I see d a sort o long way out o' it—the only way appearin' possible. 'Twar this: to purtend joinin' in wi' the conspirators, an' puttin' myself at their head. I'd l'arnt from the talk o' the Sydney ducks there war a split 'mong the pirates 'bout the devidin' o' the gold-dust. I see'd this would gi'e me a chance

should fail in my plan for protectin' em. When they wanted to be free an' friendly, an' would begin talkin' to me, I had to answer'em gruff an' growlin'. For I knowed that eyes war on me all the while, an' ears listenin'. "As to tellin' 'em what was before, or givin them the slimmest hint o' it, that would 'a' spoilt every thing. In course they'd ha' gone straight to the old gentleman, an' then it 'u'd a' been all up wi' us. It war clear that all ouldn't be saved. An' that Don Gregorio himself 'u'd hev to be sacrificed, as also the skipper and the cook. 'Twar dreadful hard, but thar could be no help for it. I knew I'd have enough on my hands in takin' care o' the weemen, and save them from the scoundrels as

o put in along wi' them. Takin' advantage o' t, I broached the bizness to Striker that same

night an' got into their councils, afterward obtainin' the influence I wanted. Mind, gentle-

men, it took a good deal o' trickery an' maneu

hostile to the cabin people all the voyage

specially to them two sweet creetur's. Many'

the time my heart acked thinkin' o' your sweet hearts, an' what might happen to 'em,

wanted to be their ruin. As the Lord has alowed it, in the end all have been saved."
The speaker pauses to take breath. His liseners knowing it is but for this, silently wait for him to continue

Resuming speech, he says: "At last, on sightin' land, as agreed on, the day had come for the doin' o' the dark deed Twar after night when we set about it, mysell actin' as a sort o' recognized leader. I'd played my part so's to get some control o' the rest. We first lowered a boat, puttin' our things into her. Then we separated, some to lay hands or the gold-dust, others to seize upon the saynor etas. I let Gomez look after this, for bringin' on trouble too soon. Me an' Davis who is a sort o' ship's carpenter, were to do the scuttlin', an' for that purpose went down into the hold. I appealed to him to give the Don and skipper a chance for their lives, an' let the barque float a bit longer. Though he be a Sydney duck, he warn't so bad as some of the rest. He consented, an' we returned to the deck without tappin' the barque's bot to the deck without tappin's the barque's bot to the deck without tappin's the barque's bot to the deck without tappin's the barque without tappin's tappin' tom timbers. Soon's I got my head over the hatch coamin' I see'd they'd all got into the boat, the young ladies along wi' 'em. I did'nt know what they'd done to the Don and skipper. I had my fears about 'em; they might ha' knocked 'em on the head as war first proposed. But I daren't go down to the cabin, lest they might shove off and leave us in the lurch, as some o' them war threatenin' to do. If they'd done that—well, it's no use sayin' what would ha' been the end o' all. I see'd it would knock all my plans on the head, an seein' that, hurried down into the boat. All in, we rowed right away, leavin' the barque just as she'd been the whole o' that day. As we pull-ed shoreward, we could see her standin' off, all her sail set, same as if she had a full crew at tendin' 'em.

But her ensign reversed-her flag of dis

that myself, thinkin' it might gi'e the poor creatur's a better chance o' bein' picked up an' I did it in the dark afore me an' Davis went below, takin' care to let none o' 'em see

"And by doing it every thing has come right.

on.

"After landing," resumes the narrator, "we stayed all night on the shore, the men sleepin' in the big cave, the saynoreetas in that you see'd them in. I took care about that myself, determined they shouldn't come to any harm.

happened afterward."

"Well, we landed on the island, not knowin' it to be an island. An' there's another o' the chances, showin' we've been took care o' by the

cherub as sits aloft. If 't had been the main

land, every thing must ha' turned out different; sure to ha' done so. I'd 'a' protected the girls

all the same, or died tryin' to. But for all that I mightn't ha' been able."

Go on, tell us what happened ashore!"

The young officers are eager to hear the continuance. They have auxious thoughts about what may have occurred in the blank of time

not yet covered by the sailor's narrative. The conversation had with their sweethearts has

There war things happened that night which I dare say they've told you, an' 'twar then I first l'arned that Mr. Gil Gomez and Louis Hernandez war no other than two o' the chaps who attacked you in the streets o' San Francisco. matter for that. Things had to be settled all the same. Mornin' comin' on, we found the boat had gone away from her moorings, and drifted to be broke on the breakers. No matter for that, eyther; we wanted her no more, as we meant to steer inland. Then came the measurin' out o' the gold-dust into shares for all alike. After that, the question as to who should get the girls. It I'd been waitin' for all the time. Mr. Gomez and his pal, Hernandez, war the two who had special claim to 'em, as I knowed and expected they would. Pretendin' a likin' for Miss Carmen myself, an' puttin Davis up to do the same for t'other, we two put inour claim. It ended in Gomez an' me goin' for a fight, which must 'a' ended in the death o' one or other. I had no fear about dyin', an' war only vexed at the idea, it might leave the poor girls without protection. Still Davis had give me a promise he'd do the best he could! As there war no help for it, I'd agreed to the duel, which war to be fought first wi' pistols and ended up wi' cutlasses. Every thing settled, we war about pitchin' in when one o' the fellows, who'd gone up the cliff to look ahead, in the contract that the contract that it is the contract that just then sung out tellin' us we'd landed on an island. Recallin' the lost boat, that meant a good deal o' danger, and stopped the fight for a time. When we all got up to the cliff and saw how things stood, there war no more quarrelin'. The piratical scoundrels were all tamed then, an' would ha' been glad to get back aboard the barque we'd abandoned. I confess I war scared like the rest o' 'em, same time havin' some reason to be glad. After that it war all safe, s far as concerned the saynoreetas. To Mr. Gomez and Hernandez they war but a second thought in the face o' sheer starvation, the which soon come upon us, continuing for ten-long days and nights till we see'd the bark com-in' back. I hain't heard your story yet, nor how the Condor is here, wi'yourself o' board o' her. But you've had mine, and now ye know how Harry Blew has behaved, an' how he's kept his word to you in San Francisco."

"Kept your word like a man! Behaved no-

bly, grandly, in both, as might be expected from an American sailor!" It is Crozier who speaks, continuing "Come to my arms! to my breast, Harry Blew; let me press you! Forgive the suspicions I had, because I could not help them. Here, Cadwallader! Take him to your breast, and show that both are grateful to the man who has done far more for us than if he had saved our own lives. Blees you Blow Here. saved our own lives. Bless you, Blew, Heaven

The midshipman promptly responds to the appeal, and receives Harry Blew from the emrace of the lieutenant, only to hold him in a no that near threatene his strangular

Our story is told. Aught remaining unrevealed, the reader can easily guess; saving the narrator details, that might be extended to at

least a score of chapters.

Epitomized, they give record of the Condor arriving safe in the port of Panama. And there finding the Crusader; of the surprise felt by the frigate's crew, at again beholding a barque which many of them believed to have been a

specter. Later records, bearing date some six months after, speak of an American frigate, called the Crusader, being in the harbor of Cadiz, where two of her officers obtain leave of absence for the purpose of getting united to a pair of Spansh damsels, both noted belles in the old Anda-

No need to say that the bridegrooms in question are Edward Crozier and William Cadwalader, and the brides Carmen Montijo and Inez

In connection with this double wedding is a circumstance deserving record, and which will, no doubt, make the reader happy, as it did both brides and bridegrooms, far more than the splendor of the ceremonial. It is the presence of two mea belonging to a barque that lies at anchor in the bay. A barque carrying polacca masts, with the Chilian ensign trailing over her taffrail, on her stern lettered the name, "El

And the two men, who have, for the time, forsaken her to take part in that marriage ceremony in the church of San Ildefonso, are her captain, Don Antonio Lautanas, and her first

officer, Harry Blew.
God has been just and good to the gentle Chilian skipper; the cloud, that for a time shadowed his soul, has long since passed away, and he has not only recovered his reason, but remembrance of all the events that led to his

temporary loss of it. He now knows Harry Blew, and all about his noble behavior. He has forgiven him for the act of abandonment, convinced that he could not have done otherwise. On the Condor's deck they are captain and mate, but in the privacy of her cabin all distinction of rank disappears. There they are intimate friends, bro-

Often, as year succeeds year, the Chilian vessel casts anchor in the harbor of Cadiz, the same officers commanding. And in the prosperous trading craft, exchanging rich car-goes—the gold and silver of Chili—for the silks and Vino de Xeres of Spain, no one would think of her as having once in the Pacific Ocean been taken for a SPECTER BARQUE. THE END.

A bevy of heroes are Boone, Kenton, and the Men tress? She was flying it when we came across her. How about that, Harry?" of the Forest Fort, who are matched against the wily "Ah! the bit o' buntin' upside down! I did Mingo and the implacable Shawnee. The whole great of the Forest Fort, who are matched against the wily future of these men seems to loom up before them as they enter upon their careers at Point Pleasant. Their innate bravery, sagacity, honesty and faithfulness to friends are fine features which this "ower (rue tale" brings out with immense power and interest. As a rec-





NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Cauadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are amplied at the following rates:

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nunications, subscriptions, and letters on business, shoul BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

We have placed in the compositors' hands, and shall give, in an early number of the SATUR-DAY JOURNAL, the opening chapters of

WILNA WYLDE. The Doctor's Ward.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE CREOLE WIFE "CORAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC,

Another very strong, singular and brilliant production from this eminent contributor's peu. It is a tale of heart and soul struggle-of a young life that is shadowed at every step, but sustained by the strength of a sublime purity and hope; of a man's struggle with his own heart; of a father's deep devotion, and a husband's grand trustfulness; and unfolds, chapter by chapter, a lifedrama so real that the reader is fascinated as by a spell. It is in Mrs. Burton's happiest, most confident vein, and gives to readers of romance that rarest of all treats—a deeply satisfying story.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat. - The old saying, poeta nascitur non fit, is so trite that, to deny its binding force, seems like a denial of one of the ten commandments. But, in this day of changes, when every scholar and man of science is an iconoclast, and every thing is put into the crucible of fact to be reattested, we are safe from excommunication when we say poets are like all other people, with just as many virtues and vices and just as much need of study and cultivation as those not born with the faculty of poetic thought and expression.

The idea that, because a person is born with this faculty, he is something exceptional, in an intellectual way, is very absurd. To that idea is ow ing the conceit and arrogance of the rhymster, and the egoism and self-assumption of the man who writes in epics. This faculty is so widespread in its dissemination that every village has its rivals in the arena of rhyme, and every editor's office is flooded with the Apollonian ventures; and every editor learns, after a long experience as a manuscript reader, that these ventures are usually worthless in proportion to their writers' want of education.

If a writer shows his ignorance in his defective prose, he betrays, in his defective poetic expression, the measure of that ignorance; and though there may exist evidences of a natural gift for poetry and poetic forms of utterance, the absence of an intimate knowledge of words, of rhetorical precision in expression, of the music and power of syllables, of correct measure and rhythm-the presence of all of which are poetic necessities-in-

The true poet may, and, indeed, must write from the heart; must be prompted by feeling and emotion: must see things with his own powers but, to express himself properly and with precision, a knowledge of the art of expression is just as essential as the different parts of an engine are essential to develop the powers of steam, or as soil, light and moisture, are essential to the development of the plant.

Those who write verses for the press must not infer that, because their contributions are used therefore they are good and perfect. Thousands of poems see the light of print which are merely good in intent, and they are used first, becaus they embody either a proper sentiment or a fresh thought; and second, because the editor can get

Judged by the long-established canons of the poetic art, very few perfect poems are obtainable not one in ten of those published will bear "scan ning" and analysis; they are acceptable as a whole without being perfect in their parts; and are given place with that mental reservation which prisoners of war make in order to obtain a parole.

Like all other mental qualities there is gradual growth in the poetic faculty, as every one who writes verse will attest. What is done with labor and effort at first, after awhile comes with ease Not only does practice in composition assist in developing the poetic powers but the study over thoughts and verbal forms is a splendid training adding greatly to the mind's resources and voca bulary. Many who started out rudely and crude ly now are writers of acknowledged merit and popularity-a clear result to be credited to study and ambition to excel: and a fact full of encour agement to that large army of aspirants who see discouragement in every rejection, or who grow irascible over every criticism.

-The Weekly Clarion, of Lapeer, Mich., canvassing the merits of popular papers, thus refers to our own:

"One of the brightest and most desirable story papers in the country, is the SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL. Ther is a crisp and spirited freshness and vigor in its columns, that commends it to public favor. The stories are by the best authors, profusely illustrated, and the paper is a model of the printer's skill."

Crisp and spirited freshness implies just tha quality which distinguishes the young and vigorous writers whom it has been our pleasure and privilege to introduce to a wide popularity. They tell no "thrice-told tales," nor talk, in stilted phrase, of lords and ladies, of rectors and squires -people they literally know nothing about.

-We have, from the press of Smythe & Co., of Columbus, Ohio, a volume of poems, "Wild Thoughts in Rhyme," by Arnold Isler. The volume is beautifully printed, and is a fine specimen of book taste. The author is well known to our readers. He thus tells his personal history in his candid preface;

"An exile from my native hills of Switzerland at the early age of five years; a runaway and "Street Arab at nine; a soldier-boy in the 23d Ohio infantry a twelve; without a home, friends or means, I grew up untaught, unlettered. Knowing no art but the prompt ings of a wild, wayward nature, I rhymed, perhaps with out reason, and because I had nothing else to do that I

Such histories, in this country, are commo enough not to excite surprise. Some of our finest men came out of just such unpropitious begin-

nings. Talent, here, will assert itself, as a usual look about at the cheerful, home-breathing thing; and when we see it taking on the form which it assumes in Mr. Isler's case, it is particularly pleasant to contemplate. It gives to other boys such a good lesson that it becomes one of those living sermons whose application is worth a thousand fold more than a whole library of noral injunctions and warnings.

SERMONETTE.

II. "If you've any thing to say, True and needed, yea or nay, Say it."

WHEN a kind word will do so much toward aiding a timid brother or sister, and make his or her life-path pleasanter and the rough road the smoother, why on earth is it withheld? such a grievous and unpardonable sin to give encouragement to another? If so, please count me a sinner in that respect, for I find myself committing that grievous foult often and often. The reason of it being pecualis I want so much encouragement myself that, when I am so fortunate as to obtain a supply, I am only too willing to share it with others, you see. We haven't broken up the Golden Rule at our house and hidden it behind the barn door,

I've seen great grumpy creatures treat their fellow-beings about them as though they were no more than hogs. They'd as soon go about barefooted in the depth of winter as bestow a kind word on another. But they are not so chary of their cross words, let me tell you! They can scold and find fault enough to make up for any shortcomings in the other respect. Oh! I feel just like shaking such folks, and the only reason I don't do it is, perhaps, because I always keep a wide distance from them, for I find that to be the best and most

peaceable way to get along.

Then there's a certain set of sanctimonious personages who frown down on the humorous departments of our weekly literature, just as though no one had any right to laugh, but must keep up one continual dismal howl, like a person with a jumping toothache. These hu-morists have a duty to perform; their wit is needed; their words and odd conceits make us laugh, and laughter is healthful. If God has given one the gift of humor, he should use it to

make others happy.
Giving advice, nowadays, is a somewhat ticklish sort of business, because everybody thinks he is in the right and no one knows better how to manage affairs than himself. Such people won't take advice, and it's no use to give any of it to them. Now, I'll just tell you why advice is so seldom listened to. We preach too much-oh! you needn't point at me, for I know I'm apt to do the very same thing myself—we don't tell our friends, in a kindly spirit, what they ought and what they ought not to do; we interlard our speeches too much with sermonizing. We don't put ourselves in the same situations as those who seek our advice. We don't consider how we might act under the same temptations. Because we are free from crime, we can not see why others should not be, as well, and we scold them because they are not. It is easy enough for one to be true to himself and all mankind when he has no temptations to resist and no evil propensities to overcome.

I am prone to read the answers to correscondents, and I think the editors are extremely kind to give so much needed advice; yet, at the same time, I wonder if those who ask that

I am very well aware that we, who use our pens for a livelihood, and make a specialty of studying lights and shades of character, don't get any too many thanks for our trouble. I can't answer for others, but as for myself, if those so-called friends leave me because I re port what I learn, let them go-their friendship is not worth the having and I'm only too willing to have them take their departure.

But your true and staunch friend is not so oolish as to take offense where none is meant he knows we are none of us faultless, and if the cap fits him, he puts it on. Of course the girls know I'm not perfection, for if I were, I houldn't know so well how to aim at the foi bles of others. When I want to think of them, I just take a peep at EVE LAWLESS.

BRIGHTEN HOME.

It is never the greater burdens of life which wear us down. It is the constant dropping which wears away the rock, and constant freting will just as surely eat into any woman's neart and soul and life, for it is in the woman's kingdom that fretting is the recognized prero gative. There are a hundred daily harassing cares in the experience of a wife and mother which the husband never realizes, a hundred excuses for the discontent which too often prings up in our homes.

No matter whether fretting is calculated to help affairs in any way, it is such an easy resource that it grows to be a second habit before we are well aware. This question of making our homes bright can never be too much dis cussed, and no fundamental principle will be of more avail in the needed reformation than

this—Don't fret.
Discontent will grow into a constitutional isease unless promptly checked and carefully guarded against, but there are remedies and preventatives for the evil. Let the sunshine freely into your rooms. It will sweep the gloom out of your spirit as well as from the dingy corners. Give the fresh, sweet air free circulation through all your house. It is exhil arating, it invigorates the frame, and a health body is always the fit receptacle of a health mind. Cultivate cheerfulness; it is quite as easy and much more pleasant than the depression which throws a blue-vapor tint over the brightest surroundings. Bring the finer influences into daily association. Study to refine the familiar atmosphere of common life. tend to the little civilities which nowhere afford greater satisfaction than at the home table or ome hearth.

Gather pleasant, graceful things about you, not necessarily costly things, but articles which for a small outlay will bring a great return of satisfaction. Hang pictures on your walls; engravings or chromos representing such subjects as may best suit your taste. They are inexpensive and will often bring as much pleasure as costly elaborations in oil by great artists. Choose bright, pretty patterns for your carpet, graceful forms for your furniture; the simplest parlor may be a gem of a home room with a two-ply on the floor, Nottingham curtains at the windows, and all other garnitures to correspond

In this day of cheap literature no home need be without the library which will build itself up from week to week. Papers and magazines Papers and magazines and a new choice book now and then are not imply the indispensable needs of our time are the cheapest and most enduring of precious recreations. Keep singing-birds if you ike, if the little busy feet which go pattering hrough the house, and the chaos, bus fingers, leave you time to care for them. hrough the house, and the chubby, mischiev looms and sweet fragrance will bring Para-

lise into a window-seat. When you feel an inclination to fret, bury your face instead in some odorous cluster, then

rooms over which your loving care presides. and thank Heaven for the wisdom which has enabled you to cast your lines in pleasant places.

J. D. B.

CONSISTENCY.

It is no wonder that the aphorism, "Consis-It is no wonder that the aphorism, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," should be so often quoted, for there have been but few more pertinent truisms. It fits the present age with such nicety that it appears as though it must have been written for it, and, from present appearance, it seems as if it will be applicable to future generations.

A man is not consistent if he expends hun-

dreds of dollars for foreign missions, and gives nothing for home charities; if he prays for the another vat of cold water, and stood upon my head in the corner to dry. I expected they petter welfare of the poor and does nothing toward bettering their condition himself; if he talks about friendship and brotherly love, and treats his workmen and apprentices as slaves if he calls himself a Christian and does not have a Christian spirit enough to aid others. A woman is not consistent if she desires her sex to have more employment and more pay yet does her own work and sewing herself, to ave expense, when she can well afford to hire t done; if she goes from one house to another to tell how her neighbors leave their work unone, and does not attend to her own house nold; if she preaches economy in the culinary department and does not practice it in the lothing she wears; if she does not let her children go out when the day is fine, and will go to walk herself on wet, sloppy days in thin shoes that are by no means water

We are very apt to find fault with others for the very things we do ourselves; we are in clined to murmur when we have ill-health, and think it strange we can not be well, when we don't take any pains to procure good health we are wont to swallow a humbug pill, and quack medicine in preference to taking a good ong walk and inhaling the pure, free air of Nature.

We think the plots of a story and the plot of a play may be inconsistent, yet there are more glaring inconsistencies all around us in real, actual life; men are pardoned for murders while a term of long imprisonment is given to him or her, who steals food to save his or her family from starvation; the son of a wealthy parent must not be punished, but the child of poverty must meet the deserts of his wrong-doing.

He who is brought up with comfort and lux-ury, with examples of good and virtuous peo-ple before his eyes, is ten times more to blame for going wrong than the one who is surrounded on all sides by crime, whose very lessons have been those of vice, and who was born among the outcasts of humanity. Far better would it be for those who know what is right to aid those who are wrong, instead of censur ing their evil ways with the bitterest words Good deeds make good lives, and consistency is a jewel all should wear.

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

My Reception in Constantinople. It had been noised all over the city that I was expected that morning, and millions of Turks were down at the landing; but they were very much disappointed after seeing me, because they had imagined me to be some kind of a six-legged animal. However, they shouted, and I joined in along with them, and threw up my hat, and it fell into the water. A salute of forty horse-pistols was fired from the fort, and twenty-five soldiers stood on their heads on the parapet, and one private was thrashed severely to make him yell more.

Presently a man came aboard and told me he was the Sultan, and would be glad to carry my carpet-sack, and umbrella, and watch, and, if I wouldn't object, my pocketbook; which I per mitted him to take, feeling myself highly honored. But he soon disappeared, and I was informed that he was only an insultin' thief, and that I had been sold under cost.

As I pocketed the insult, but none of the articles, the real Sultan came up and embraced me with kingly dignity, and said he was proud of the moment, etc.

I thanked him in the name of the united divisions of America, and inquired kindly how his folks were, and all about the little Sultans and Sultanesses, and how he found himself to-day, and how his appetite was, and said it was a nice day; and then we left the vessel by a gang-plank, richly covered with a strip of carpet, with fellows on either side holding las year's umbrellas over us; and we landed on the wharf amid such an outburst of popular excitement as no other great man was ever greeted with in this world, or the one before it

Fire-crackers were discharged with terrific velocity; torpedoes thundered everywhere horse-pistols shook the trembling earth, while owenty-five thousand people rushed up and begged me only to spit in their hats, which I began to do, but was obliged to hire a dozen

Seven thousand came up and pleaded with me to have the goodness to kick them only once apiece, just once; they would be satisfied that was all they would ask. Several hundred begged me on bended knees to just blow my ose on their coat tails and they would be will ng to die contented, some hundreds of years rom now.

The crowd was so dense and excited that the olice had to chop an avenue through them to he sidewalk with axes; some four hundred

lost their lives by this.

The Sultan took my arm and said we would be obliged to walk to the palace, as his only dray had some extra hauling to do that morn ng and couldn't come-there being no other transportation, not even a rail.

Our progress up street was one triumphal procession. Sunflowers were strewn in our way for us to walk over, and orange-peel, and watermelon rinds, and brickbats, and wheelbar ows, and fruit-stands, and donkeys—the populace were so anxious to testify their joy. Flags fluttered from many windows, and lines, with odd-looking banners, stretched in many places from house to house.*

On one corner they crowded so that we were thrown to the ground, and about ten thousand people tramped over us, inquiring for us. This was one of the heaviest crowds I ever met. Arm in arm up the street we went, without

stopping at any saloon.

I think about one thousand requested to be allowed to black my boots, free of charge, on the route. A band preceded us, consisting of a fellow

with a tin horn, whose range was two notes. The Sultan generally cleared the way with his scimetar, and thus sent several hundreds to the scimetary.

At length we arrived at the palace, and it

was just noon; but dinner wasn't ready, as the cook had gone out to some of the neighbors to borrow something to cook, and the Sultan advised me, in the meantime, to try a Turkish bath. I had often desired that pleasure, so I

*It has since been discovered that those banners were only that morning's washings hanging from those windows. Mr. Whitehorn can be pardoned on account of the excitement at the time.—ED. SAT. JOUR.

I was first plunged into a vat of red-hot water, where I boiled for fifteen minutes. I was jerked out of that by a couple of iron hooks and placed into a red-hot oven and baked for another fifteen minutes (being turned over to bake on both sides) till I was done then I was rubbed with a currycomb to start a circulation, and soused into a vat of ice water and held under for ten minutes. Then I was brought out quite dead and pitched down a natchway sixteen feet onto a stone floor to bring me to: then two men with heavy boots got upon me and stamped to loosen my joints, and rammed my head against the floor to get my brain in motion. Then I was kicked all around the room as hard as they could for ten

would iron me out then, but they didn't. This bath is very exciting and exhibitanting came to in time for dinner. This bath don't eave very much on you. It is a little rough and I had the headache clear to my toes, but I survived, and surprised the Sultan by eating every thing upon the table, and then waiting for an extra course. I like coarse victuals.

minutes, and horse-whipped; then thrown into

want a good deal, of course, in them. Dinner over, the Sultan and I exchanged coothpicks and civilities and proceeded to converse upon international topics. I explained to im how we bobbed for eels; snared suckers hooked frogs; fished for clams; baked pork and beans; removed warts; built pig-pens; picked geese; discerned bad eggs; how we used fine-tooth combs; turned grindstones; re-moved corns; planted parsnips, and other things of an interesting and momentous nature. He was highly pleased with me, and said if I would stay there he would put me at the very op of his palace-to taking care of the bel

Then we took a ride around the city on a

couple of donkeys.

Forty-nine reporters interviewed me that afternoon. They used the improved hydraulic pressure, which machine I would like to see inroduced into the New York Herald office

The honors I received while there would fill a volume and then spill over the edge. The Turks and the Turkesses are an interesting people. The Turkeys are splendid.
When I took farewell of the royal Gobbler

the tears were commodious. He gave me three cheers, which I returned on a dish, and I waved my bandana from the deck of the vessel. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN

Woman's World.

THAT the Woman of the Day is not the same n appearance in France, England, and the United States, is patent to all who have mixed in the society of the three countries. Certainit was so to the editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, who has been summering in Europe. He evidently went to see and judge for himself, for his written views of men, wo men, and things over the sea sound like the special reports of a Committee of One on the air ation. Contrasting the relative merits of the English and French women, of the class which makes up the bulk of the Social World, as to claims for beauty of face and person, our Kentucky cotemporary is refreshingly candid and ommunicative-more so, perhaps, than "we English" will care to accept with a thank-you-sir of satisfaction. All that he writes on this suggestive and pertinent theme we dare not re-peat; some readers of our Woman's World would never forgive us for such plain speaking, but a paragraph or two we may reproduce as a kind of text to a descant upon the question of taste in dress as an economic principle in persons, families and society.

"The English girls," Mr. Watterson writes, "are a strapping set, beginning with a pink-faced lady and going down to the yellow-haired barmaid. But when it comes down to the matter of countenance, their claims upon one's admiration are exceedingly indirect. The girls of Paris, on the other hand, conceal whatever deficiencies of figure they may have inherited by costumes the most tasteful and naive, looking out at you in a sweet, bewitching way as if they meant to have you believe that i way as it they meant to have you believe that it Paris is Heaven, they are its angels. The English girls, high or low, remind you of the hay-field and cow-lot. There is in them and about them an of-fensive materialism redolent of the mold above the rose. The French girls are etherealized. They call up visions of dance and provincial song; of moon-light and hards of violets and are redolent of the ight and banks of violets, and are redolent of the rose above the mold. An English girl will smirk before a looking-glass until the quicksilver giggles and grows dim, and come away "a drab" for all her finery. A French girl has only to clap on a fig-leaf and a bit of ribbon to appear dressed in the hight

This, though somewhat exaggerated, is substantially true, as we have, by personal observation, attested; and this observation leads us to pronounce the difference of taste in dress between the English and French women as ra ther remarkably marked. Passing from London to Paris—a mere eight hours' ride—seems like going into another world; habits, manners, customs and dress, all are different.

To an American the English woman of the middle class-for there are three distinct and well-established castes or grades of society in Great Britain-looks "dowdy." Her idea of harmony in colors is amenable to no laws of art, and her views of fitness are almost wholly governed by convenience and economy. certainly is sensible in the practical sense, but it has bred a disregard of the laws of beauty which a fastidious taste can hardly overlook

This question of taste is a very importan one, even in the sense of the practical. is good and serviceable is none the less so for being well-shaped or prettily adorned; and there is this additional advantage of the tastier garment—that it proves the existence of that fine sense of the fitness of things which will make even the humble home the temple of or der, neatness and economy. A dowdy gar-ment almost necessarily implies a dowd or sloven in personal habits; and of two evils it is far better to choose the exquisite and fancy in taste and style than the reverse.

But aside from this comparative value of taste is that ulterior fact that a person of taste will make garments last longer, and do more duty, than the person lacking taste. ble fingers, guided by that sweet art of looking pretty, will remake, alter, adapt garments in a narvelous manner; one silk gown will last un til it is literally worn to shreds; a little new trimming, perhaps a little new cloth for the worn sleeve or waist, will give to the tasteful woman a dress just as good as new and of course at immaterial cost. This is the money value of taste; and this is just what ou American women don't study, as we shall have occasion to remark in a future talk to our Wo man's World audience.

EVERY look, tone and gesture of a man s a symbol of his complete nature. If we apply the microscope severely enough, we can discern the fine organization by which the soul sends itself out in every act of the being. And the more perfectly developed the creature, the more significant, and yet the more mysterious, is every habit, and every motion, mightier than habit, of body or soul.-Win-

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors .- No MSS received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavail-able MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second apon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equa nerit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and comp Ose Commercial role size paper as hiss convenient or cancillate sitor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it it is folloor page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and page. lar writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard

We will find place for the following, viz.: "Coralie," 'Olio;" "Nellie's Thanksgiving;" "Story of a Noboly;" "Be Just;" "A Pretty Kettle of Fish;" "Lamocrtine's Matrimonial;" "A Glorious Day." Serials, 'Lassell's Hamy;" "The Stepdaughter's Crime;" 'Major and Minor."

"A Heart for a Heart" we must retain for future consideration. Our columns have such a pressure of good things on them that we necessarily discard closely. An acceptance by us means that the work is very good. An acceptance by us means that the work is very good.

The following offerings we must, for various reasons, decline, viz.; "Uncle Seth's Courtship;" "The Avenger's Luck;" "Wouldn't Marry a Widow;" "The Younger Sister;" "The Sunny South;" "The Belt Bandits;" "Deceived;" "The Pent-up Utica;" "Paul Prettyman's Courtship;" "The Sail at Sea;" "A Pair of Crooked Eyes;" "Bless Me, No!" "A Race with a Racer;" "Texan Bob;" "Bagatelles;" "The Schoolmarm's one Suitor;" "That Ruscally Sam;" "Teach us how to Trust;" "An Impertinent Parson."

Gustavurs B. Is the proem you send your caps?

Gustavus R. Is the poem you send your own? JNO. F. G. Have written you by mail. KITTY H. B. Have to say no to the poem. Wait a little longer before you try to write for the press. W. P. R. Thank you for your plea for "Tom Noddy." It is well pointed.

W. S. N. Have destroyed the poem, as you requested. We thought it very good.

A READER. Consult the Member of Congress from your district. He will give you all information.

J. LA P. The poem, if original, is quite good enough for use. We place on the accepted list, and say, write again providing the contribution is authentic. HAWKEYE HARRY. We have a new story by Bruin Adams, and will soon publish it in some form.

NED HAZEL. It is not our present intention to reissne "Phantom Princess" romance referred to.

CORALIE MAPLE does not give us her true name. The process exetch is of little literary value, but might do to fill out some column. Is the poem, "My Johnnie," original with Coralie?

J. W. McM. The yellowness of skin noted is what is called "moth." It comes, usually, from a bilious condition. Treat, therefore, the same as for biliousness or sluggish action of the liver. EMERALD GREEN. The name Patrick, so common among your countrymen, is of good signification. It is from the Latin Patrictus, a patrician, a nobleman. If all who bear the name were noblemen what a host of lords we should have!

LEBEDEE. The expression, "Prince of the Power of the Air," is the title given to Satan, in Ephesiaus ii. 2 The titles of Satan and Lucifer, as used in the Bible, are synonymous, though the latter is the Fallen Angel, of Angel of Darkness, while Satan is the principle of evilembodied.

GILBERT. In any order of arrangement always give he lady precedence. As the album opens and turns from the lady precedence. As the album opens and turns from right to left, the *right* hand page will be the first seen and the gentleman's can face it.

ZENAS R. Louisians is called the "Pelican State;" South Carolina the "Palmetto State;" Florida the "Peninsula State;" "Wisconsin the "Badger State," and lowa the "Hawkeye State."

Young Blackstone. "The Code Edward" means the codified laws of the realm (Great Britain) prepared by order of King Edward the Confessor—a very wise and good monarch. Edward succeeded to the throne A. D. 1042. The present "Common Law" of England and of this country is founded upon this code.

McKnight. Use the term "To let." This phrase, though not used as much as "for rent" among those desiring to lease their houses in the castern and southern country, is not incorrect, as you seem to suppose. To "let" a house is good old Saxon English, and means to grant a lease, just as "to rent" does. The idea is that you suffer or "let" the renter have possession of the house.

house.

Albert W. The proposed Centennial Exhibition building, at Philadelphia, will, it is said, cover an area of seventy-five acres. This will make it the largest of the kind ever erected. That at Vienna, including covered courts, the machinery, fine arts, and agricultural departments, only covered 56 5-10 acres.

THOMAS W. It is in China that the cattle prove themselves so fond of opium, that the poppy fields have all to be fenced to keep out the herds who appear to delight in the narcotic effects of the poppy plant. The opium of commerce is made from the poppy seed, of which a well-developed plant yields as much as three concess.

MORTON. There are 135,000 persons employed in the drug business in the United States, and the drug-stores are estimated at 14,000 in number. are estimated at 14,000 in number.

NETTIE. There are but three primary colors—red, yellow and blue, and from the combination of these all other colors or shades are produced—it is stated, in all, more than 14,000 different hues and tints! The solar prism, in disintegrating a ray of light, gives seven colors, viz.: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, but scientific men have reduced the primary colors to the three first-named, from which all others can be made.

G. S. K. Comedy and tragedy have been produce upon the stage for centuries; they were first exhibite at Athens, 562 years before Christ. Among the Greek and Romans the "theater" was a favorite entertainment.

LAWRENCE McC. Your knowledge is indeed limited for the Irish potato was first introduced into Ireland i 1586, from America. It never was known in Europe in til after the discovery of the Western World. The foo th after the discovery of the Western World. The food of the poor Irish, and indeed the poor of all the East, was chiefly the flesh of wild bearts, and of pigs, goals and sheep. Our Indian corn, too, being then wholly unknown, the bread chiefly used by the poor was made of barley.

L. W. AKERS. Washington was certainly a model farmer, and as successful in cultivating his fields as in commanding an army. The Mount Vernon estate consisted of 10,000 acres of land, which was divided into farms of convenient size, and all of these were visited daily by the General. In 1787 he had \$50 acres in grass, cound 500 acres with east 700 acres with wheat 700 acres. daily by the General. In 1787 he had \$50 acres in grass, sowed 600 acres with oats, 700 acres with wheat, 700 acres with corn, and as many of barley, peas, potatoes and beans, 150 acres in turnips, while his stock consisted of 140 head of horses, 112 cows, 236 oxen, heifers and steers, and 500 sheep. Two hundred and fitty hands were employed upon this farm, which, in every respect, was most complete and thoroughly managed. The estate rapidly degenerated, after his death, and the land is now regarded as unproductive.

EDGAR W. A note dated upon Sunday is void, as also is a note given by a minor. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. For the debts of a minor, however, a parent or guardian is responsible in law.

SALOR. Previous to the introduction to Europe the mariner's compass, by Marco Polo, the needle w suspended in water on two pieces of split sticks. To ordinary compass of to-day was introduced by a M Barlow, in 1608. HUSBAND. It is in China that wives are considered legal tenders for debts; but, if such were the case in this country, we fear a great many feminine securities would be left for debts and never redeemed!

W. S. T. You can preserve your lemons for use by putting them in a jar of cold water, and changing the

water every week. Fashion. The oxydized silver and gold jewelry is now most worn, and is very handsome. It makes very pretty ear-rings and sleeve-buttons, as well as waisbuckles.

DIGGER. It is estimated that California and Australia together have produced, since 1852, gold amounting to the value of £300,000,000.

W. S. Gore. Housekeepers do not generally know w. S. Gore. Housekeepers do not generally know that morning's milk yields a great deal more cream than night's milk, and therefore is much better to put aside for making butter and cheese. The difference is owing to the perfect quiet of the cow and the unobstructed ruminating process (chewing the cud) which goes on during the night.

Farmer. All the insects on your fruit trees should now be killed, and to keep them off pick up all unripe fruit that falls and feed to pigs; remove all late caterpillars, and cut out borers, filling the holes with graftingwax. Continue this work until every thing freezes up

NORRIVALE. You will find that each day of the week is the Sabbath of some nation. Sunday is observed by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews and all claim divine anthority for their Holy Day. W. A. Vance. The origin of the expression, "By nook or by crook," is said to have been after the greature in London, a. D. 1666; which, destroying landmarks at was decided to appoint two arbitrators whose decision was to be final in all disputed cases. The surveyors chosen were Messrs, Hook and Crook, who gave great satisfaction, and from this 'tis said came the saying,

S. T. The word *mizpeh*, in its Hebraic form, signifies a watch-tower, but it is also the name of several places in Palestine, mentioned in the Bible. Unanswered questions on hand will appear

TEN YEARS OLDER.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Oh! you little midget.
Sitting on my knee!
You're a little fidget,
One can plainly see!
How your bright eyes sparkle
With their all-delight!
How they flash and darkle
Like the stars at night!
Wonder if this midget
Thus would let me hold her,
If (the little fidget!)
She were ten years older!

Oh! you little fairy,
Clinging to my neck!
Weaving chaplets airy,
My stern brows to deck!
Whispering that you love me
With sweet naivete!
When caprice doth move thee,
Flitting swift away!
Wonder would this fairy
Be thus warm or colder,
If (the vixen airy!)
She were ten years older!

A Diplomatic Failure.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I po wonder if she does love me?" Away through the purpling shadows of that calm quiet evening Raymond Rostine looked, as though from such a quarter would come an

answer to his earnest self-questioning.

"She's so pretty, with her liquid blue eyes and hair like molten sunshine, and her slender figure as graceful as a witch-hazel! I do really wonder if she'll have me if I ask her?"

Evidently the subject was not easily settled to Mr. Rostine's mind, for a sudden exclama-tion arose to his lips as a light buggy dashed past his window, down toward the village. 'Confound that old fool! I'll bet five dollars he's going down to see Florrie again! and if

he should win her." He bit his cigar almost through at the

thought.

"Effle Denver would hardly put up with old Crawford, though! he's so deuced ugly and straight-laced in his ideas. If she were a poor girl, now—as poor as myself, for instance—there'd be some reason for her taking the old in the latter of long as she's got plenty of momiser; but so long as she's got plenty of mo-ney in her own right, I imagine she'll go in for youth and good looks, and style."

Mr. Rostine stretched his neck to catch a glimpse of himself in the glass over the low mantel-shelf; and the self-satisfied smile he gave, told plainer than language could have done that he did not regard himself as at all de-

ficient in the three requisite characteristics.

"Yes, Miss Denver is a beauty, a perfect lady, an heiress—and—I think somewhat in love with me."

Then he leaned back in the chair and medi

"I'll do it—to-morrow, when I promised her I'd call and take her carriage-riding—got to borrow the money from Foster, too, to hire the team. I'll propose, so I will, to marry the charming heres, and live in clover— Hello, Foster! you're just the imp I wanted to see Lend me ten dollars, will you?" Another spree, eh

"Not this time, old boy. Didn't you know I was reformed? Going to propose to Miss Denver, the heiress, and—" Foster uttered a long, low whistle, then drew in his lips in the most utter contempt.

"Miss Denver, boarding down at the Evans' ?" Exactly. That tall, ladylike girl who wears

the pearl ear rings, you know—Miss Effie Denver, the heiress." "Rostine, you're caught! Bless me, didn't you know it had all leaked out at last? how

she is no heiress at all, only a school-teacher come down for her vacation?"

"I-what? Nonsense, though, Foster; I don't believe it. Why, I tell you she wears

Pearls be well, never mind. Only, if that's your game, you'd better be warned. Hold on, Rostine; I'll prove it to you, or my word goes for nothing. Get your hat and come down past Mrs. Evans'—this heiress of yours gives the girls music lessons to pay her board-bill. Maybe you'll believe your own eyes." Raymond Rostine was looking wofully lugu-

brious as he took down his hat.
"Of course I'll believe my eyes, Foster," he

said, sadly. Sure enough, as the two young men sauntered slowly past Mrs. Evans' house, where the lace curtains afforded free survey of the lighted back parlor, were plainly heard the monoto-nous drumming of the piano, and at intervals Miss Effie Denver's voice in encouragement or

correction. Then the lesson came to an end, and they heard little Minnie Evans say, in tones of unbiased delight:

Oh, Miss Denver, you are just the very nicest teacher I ever had.' Foster nudged Rostine, and Rostine whis-

'Never mind that ten dollars; I'm back to town to-morrow.' Mr. Raymond Rostine had not exaggerated at all when he had mentally described Effie

Denver. She was pretty, and perhaps had never looked prettier than that cool September morning when she awaited Mr. Rostine's coming for the carriage-ride to Hadden Spring. She had dressed herself in a black grenadine, and wore heavy, dead-gold ornaments, and a glowing scarlet sash about her waist that matched in hue the heron's plume in her jaunty little hat. A scarlet and white plaid shawl lay near at hand to don on the way if the fresh breeze blew cool-

er than it then was. She looked a little impatiently at her watch and as she replaced it in her belt, glanced down

the shady road. this tardiness of her admirer, this handsome gentleman who rejoiced in the euphonious name of Raymond Rostine, and who had mentioned, so casually and matter-of-factly, his villa on the banks of the Hudson, which, unfortunately for his comfort, was undergoing repairs; hence the reason he was rusticating at Greenwood. Effice Denver, though a beauty and an heiress, was a thoroughly sensible girl, with a dash of romance about her that lent an air of irresistible grace and witchery to her personal charms.

And she had been dreaming very sweet dreams, as girls of nineteen will do, about this handsome-faced Raymond Rostine.

Now, why were not his horses and his carriage at the door? She felt vexed about it, and undecided whether to blame him for his tardiness or her watch for being stupidly fast.
"Mr. Rostine seems inclined to take his lei-

sure this morning," she remarked to Mrs. Sevan, who was arranging a glass dish of gor-geous-hued autumn flowers.

"Mr. Rostine?—why if I had known it was he you were waiting for, I might have told you I saw him take the early train while I was at

the post-office."
"You did, Mrs. Sevan?" and Effic paled, then flushed, then after a moment laughed. "Well, it makes very little difference; take a walk to see my little music pupils."

"Anybody would think you were obliged to teach those Evanses, Miss Denver. It's hardly the business for an heiress like you." Effie laughed and fastened her gloves with a superb set of buttons and chains.

"It's a labor of love, Mrs. Sevan, and little Minnie openly congratulated me last night on

being her best teacher."

"But all the folks'll think you are obliged to; they really will, Miss Denver. Why, I heard only this morning that Wallace Foster told Mr. Rostine you were only a music-teacher. The chambermaid heard him." So, here was the reason of her gallant lover's

dereliction in duty, was it?
Well, Effie was glad she had escaped him, and her heart was light as air as she walked

through the village street.

"That was altogether a mistake, Raymond—you remember what I told you about Miss Denver down at Greensward last summer?" "A mistake?" and Rostine felt qualmish at the sudden thought that occurred to him.

Yes, about her being no heiress at all, and obliged to give music lessons. You see she is engaged to Frank Evans, and he told me how he fell in love with her giving friendly instruction to his sister's children; he courted her un-der the impression she was only such, and, now, he'll marry a hundred thousand. Cute, ain't

Rostine fairly choked with rage. 'So near, and yet so far' had that same hundred thousand been to him!

Well, he cursed his own ill-luck, and he cursed Foster for his "meddling impudence,"

and-couldn't do any more.

you, there wouldn't have been any need of bringing you into my house. All that would be necessary would be to speak your name in the middle of this station. Why, the very sticks themselves that form the stockade would rise out of the ground to seize you, to say nothing of the men.

"For whom do you take me?" asked the stranger, in a hoarse voice.
"For the man for whose body, dead or alive. the settlers on the border would give more than

they would for any other man that walks upon earth, be his skin white or red," replied Mur-The stranger glanced at him with sullen

"Be assured, however," continued the young "Be assured, however," continued the young man, "that I mean you no harm. On the contrary, I need your aid, and I'm willing to pay you well for it. Come, is it a bargain?"

"You know my name?" said the stranger, slowly, without replying to the question.

"Yes, you are—" and Murdock, bending over, whispered a name in the ear of the stranger. "Am I right?" he asked.

"Yes" said the stranger sallenty. "But I

ger. "Am I right?" he asked.
"Yes," said the stranger, sullenly. "But I can not understand how you penetrated my

Particularly when it deceived Boone and a half a score of your deadly foes, who would be almost willing to give ten years of their lives to

draw a bead on you at fair rifle range."
"That is possible," replied the other; "but
the bullet is not yet run that will take my life." "If I were to call out your name from that door, a long rope and a short shrift would save the bullet the trouble," said Murdock. The stranger winced at the words.

before a dozen others, that I lied. I gave the lie back in his teeth, for I never took insult from mortal man. Then he struck me. I didn't think even for a moment that he was my superior officer; all that I knew was that I was struck—degraded by a blow. I measured him with my eye and felled him to my feet with a single stroke. Then I was seized—tried by a drumhead court-martial, and sentenced to be publicly whipped in presence of the whole army, and I was whipped, too. As the lashes fell upon my naked back, and cut long quivering lines in the yielding flesh, with every lash I swore a bitter oath of vengeance. Then, my punishment done—a whipped, degraded slave, a man no longer—they untied me. I sunk down at their feet almost helpless. They raised me up; I was covered with my own gore. This General Treveling—then only a colonel—looked on me, his victim, with a scornful smile—ten thousand curses on him! I was maddened with rage. I shook my fist defiantly in his face, and before all I said: 'Your quarters shall swim in blood for this!' I kept my word. I have shed white blood lenough along the Ohio for me to swim in. My vengeance, too, against this man was fearful. I stole his eldest child—left it to die, in My vengeance, too, against this man was fearful. I stole his eldest child—left it to die, in the forest. I tore his heart as his lashes had torn my back. And now, I strike him a second

Murdock gazed at the rage-inflamed counte-nance of the dark-skinned man with a feeling akin to awe.

"It is a bargain, then, between us?" the

young man said. "Yes; to get another chance at him, I'd go through the fires of hell!" the other replied.



The scout was in a trap from which there was no escape.

RED ARROW,

WOLF DEMON

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, OR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "THE MAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCH OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC. WITCHES

CHAPTER VII. THE SCHEME OF CLEMENT MURDOCK. THE stranger turned in no little surprise at

eing accosted by the young man.
"Did you speak to me, stranger?" he asked.
"Yes," answered Murdock; "I should like have a few minutes' conversation with you if

The stranger shot a rapid glance at the face of the young man, but he saw nothing therein "Certainly," he replied, after thinking for a

"This is my shanty," said Murdock, referring to the log-house before whose door they stood. "Come in; we can talk inside without being overheard.'

There was a strange expression upon the face of the other. He cast a rapid glance around him, and laid his hand upon the handle of the hunting-knife at his girdle, as if he had half a mind to stab the young man—who was fumbling with the rude fastenings of the door and then make a bold break for freedom and the woods. But the momentary glance around convinced him-that is, if he had such an idea -that to carry it out would be hopeless, for a dozen or more of the settlers were between him and the forest. So, with a muttered curse up on his ill-luck, he followed Murdock into the

Murdock produced a flask of whisky and a couple of tin cups, and motioning his rather unwilling guest to draw near the table, he pledged him with the fragrant corn-juice.

The stranger tossed off the fiery liquor with a moody brow. He suspected that he was in a trap, and he felt far from being easy.

"Do you know that your face is strangely familiar to me?" asked Murdock, with a mean-

"Indeed! that is strange," responded the other, half inclined to spring upon the young man, for he felt a strong apprehension that his

disguise was penetrated. 'I think we have met before," said Murdock, with another look full of meaning.
"I don't remember ever meeting you," replied the stranger, who now almost repented

that he hadn't made a bold dash for freedom when at the door. I feel sure that we have met," said Murdock.

"How may I call your name?"

"James Benton," replied the other.

"From Virginia?"

"Well, I have never met a Mr. Benton," said of the other. Murdock. "I was sure that you were in error when you said that you knew me," said the stranger, with

'Not as Benton, but under another name. I have met you."
"Ah!" The hand of the stranger sought the handle of his knife. The movement was not unnoticed by the keen eye of Murdock.
"Don't be alarmed; I mean you no harm," he said, quickly. "If I had wished to denounce

"Don't be alarmed, I don't mean to betray, you," continued Murdock. "It was an astonishing thing that I alone should penetrate your disguise and guess who you were. I never saw you but once before, either, and that was years ago. But now to business. As I said before, I need your aid, and I am willing to pay you well for it

What is it you want me to do?" "There's a girl in the settlement that has re jected my advances. I don't care so much for her, but she's the heiress to a large fortune. Now, if the girl marries me, of course I get the fortune, or if she dies, I get the fortune, for I am the next heir. Now, I don't want to take the life of the girl if I can help it. I had much rather marry her; but, unfortunately, she has taken a fancy to some one else, and won't listen to my suit. Now, my plan is to carry the girl off. I know a lonely cabin, now deserted, some ten miles from the station on the other bank of the Kanawha. I want the girl carried there, and the impression given to her that she is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. Then I'll pretend to follow on the trail—gain access to the cabin; offer to assist her to escape, if in reward she'll marry me. Of course she'll feel grateful for the risk I run for her sake, and Then I'll escape with her, take her back to the settlement, and the thing is done.'

"But, suppose she refuses to marry you?"
"Then she won't escape from the hands of the red-skins, but they'll kill her," said Murdock, coolly

"And in that case, you'll come in for the pro-Exactly."

"The plan ought to work," said Benton,

thoughtfully. "I don't see how it can fail. I want your assistance, and I've got a fellow in the station that will help me. You two will be enough to play Indian. It won't be much trouble and very little risk, and I'll pay well for it."
"When do you want it done?" asked the

"The sooner the better," replied Murdock. "I suppose that will suit you."

"Yes, for I'll soon have other fish to fry along the border," said the other, and a demon

light gleamed from his eyes. "Do you expect to drive the whites from the Ohio?" asked Murdock. "No, but I'll raise such a blaze along the

river, and strike such a blow that it shall be felt, even to Virginia!" cried the other, in a "It will be a bloody time," said Murdeck, thoughtfully.

"Yes, blood will run like water," replied the stranger. "But what is the name of the girl that is to be carried off?"

"Virginia Treveling The stranger started as though he had trodden upon a snake. "What, the daughter of General Treveling?"

he cried.
"Yes," replied Murdock, wondering at the look of fierce delight that swept over the face

Hell's fires!" cried the other, in triumph. "I'll do the job for you. I owe the father a bitter grudge. I struck him one blow, some years ago, just after he wronged me. loubt if he's forgotten or forgiven it to this lay. It's about time for me to strike him an

Why, how did General Treveling ever wrong you?" asked Murdock, in wonder.
"I was a scout under him in Dunmore's campaign. One day he told me openly, and I

And so the compact was made.

CHAPTER VIII. BOONE IN A TIGHT PLACE.

EARNESTLY and with anxious faces the setlers discussed the chances of the coming war. With one voice Colonel Boone was selected s the commander of the station. Messengers were dispatched to warn the

neighboring settlements. Then Boone, taking Kenton and Lark aside, suggested that they should make a scout into the Shawnee country and discover, if possible,

against which settlement the Indian attack ould be directed. The suggestion suited well with the bold and laring spirit of the border, and both Kenton and Lark gladly expressed their willingness to accompany the skillful and daring woodman. Boone gave Jackson a hint as to his inten-

tion, and then the three left the settlement and entered the forest, heading toward the Ohio. Reaching the river, Lark drew from a little tangled thicket near the river's bank a canoe. He had previously hidden it there when he nad crossed the Ohio on his way from the

Shawnee country to Point Pleasant.

By means of the canoe the three crossed the river. On the northern bank they concealed the canoe in a thicket, and then, striking to the north-west toward the Scioto river, they plung ed into the wilderness and took the trail lead ing to the villages of the Shawnee nation.

On through the tangled thickets went the three rangers, all their senses on the alert to discover traces of the hostile red-skins.

After many a weary hour's march, the three came near to the village of Ke-ne-ha-ha. Then they proceeded with increased caution.

As yet they had not seen a single trace that denoted the presence of the Shawnees. The scouts were now within some two miles of Chillicothe, where Ke-ne-ha-ha's village was

ocated. Then Boone called a halt. "Now, boys," said the leader, "we are night to the red devils, an' we must be careful or

we'll stumble upon some of 'em afore we knows it. I think our best plan is to find some hiding-place to serve for a head-quarters, and then, eparately, after dark, we'll scout into the vilage, an' maybe we'll be able to discover some of the plans of the red varmints.

"I know just the place for us," said Lark. We're nigh to it, too." Then Lark piloted the way through the forest—the three had been standing by the bank of the Scioto—and at last halted by a huge oak ree, at the base of which grew a tangled mass

'Hyer's the spot," said Lark, pointing to the tree. "Whar?" asked Boone, who could not per-

ceive any hiding-place except it was in the oranches of the oak.
"Hyer." Then Lark parted the tangled bushes with

his hand. Boone and Kenton saw that the trunk of the oak was hollow. It contained a cavity, fully large enough to afford a secure refuge to the three, and the bushes closing behind them after they had entered the hollow oak completely concealed them from sight. This hyer is an old hidin'-place o' mine, said Lark, as they stood within the hollow.

liskivered it one day when I shot a b'ar nigh hyer. The b'ar made for this bit of bush. He had his den in this very tree-trunk. I followed him up an' that's the way I diskivered it."

The shade of night was now fast descendis loved?—and, perhaps, willing to give him a chance to declare that love, she suggested an

turnal cries.

turnal cries.

The tree-toads eried, and the crickets chirruped. The air seemed full of life. The owl—the minion of the night—came forth from his perch in the tree-trunk. The young moon, too, rising, cast its silver sheen over the forest.

Then again, suddenly, the voices of the night graph in the light.

sunk into silence, for, forth from the hollow of the oak, that the three daring scouts had select-ed for their rendezvous, came the dark figure that but a few minutes before with stealthy step had stolen beneath the leafy branches. It was evident that the secret of the hollow tree was known to another than the scouts.

Cautiously through the forest stole the dark

form. The tree-toad hushed its cries; the cricket noiselessly crept to its hole; the owl peered forth from its cavity in the tree-trunk, and then, with its great eyes shining with fear, shrunk back within the darkness of its lair, when it caught sight of the dark form that so

silently glided amid the trees.

On went the dark form through the forest.
All living things seemed to shrink from it in

The moonbeams, slanting down and tinging the green of the forest top with rays of silvery light, fell upon the figure as it glided through a little opening in the woods.

The moonbeams defined the figure of a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man, and who had the face of a human. The dark form held in its paw an Indian tomahawk.

The moonbeams were gleaming upon the

Wolf Demon, the terrible scourge of the Shaw-On through the forest went the hideous form, almost following in the footsteps of the scout, Kenton, who had little idea of the terrible crea-

ure that lurked behind him. Boone had selected the bank of the river as his pathway to the village of the Indians.

Carefully the ranger proceeded onward.

As he approached near to the Shawnee village, he could hear the sound of the Indian drums and the war-cries of the warriors. From the sounds Boone easily guessed that the Indians were preparing for the war-path. Boone reached the edge of the timber. Be-

fore him lay the village of his deadly foes.

A huge fire was burning before the councillodge in the center of the village, and the war-

riors were dancing around it.
"Look at the red devils!" muttered Boone, who from the convenient shelter afforded by a fallen tree, just on the edge of the timber, could easily watch the scene before him. "They're pantin' to redden their knives in the blood of the whites."

Then the scout counted the Indians, who were dancing around the fire, and the others who were either watching the scalp-dance, or lounging leisurely around the village. The number of the red-men astonished the borderer.

"Jerusalem!" he muttered, "than's a 'tarnal

heap of them. I judge that they'll take the war-path soon."

Then a squaw, with a gourd in her hand, evidently going to the river for water, left the village and came directly toward the spot where Boone was concealed

The alarm of the hunter was great. 'Dod rot the luck!" he muttered, in disgust, why on yearth don't she go straight to the cuss her! She'll come plumb,down on me if she keeps on, an' then she'll raise the vil-

lage with her squalls." The squaw, who was quite a young girl, and very handsome, came directly on toward the ambush of the spy. Then Boone saw that she was followed by

one of the Indian braves. The great hunter began to feel extremely nervous. In truth, unless the squaw changed her course, his position was one of real peril. "They'll lift my ha'r if that blamed squaw diskivers me, sure," he muttered, in consterna-

The girl paused for a moment. The heart of the scout beat quick with hope. "Now go to the river, you durned red-skin," he said. It is hardly necessary to remark that the observation was not intended to reach the ears of the girl.

But, the squaw hadn't any intention of going to the river. The gourd carried in her hand was simply an excuse to leave her wigwam. When the girl found that the young brave— whom in reality she had stolen forth to meet vas following her, she continued on her course, which led directly to the fallen tree, behind which Boone was concealed.

"Oh, cuss the luck!" he muttered, in despair. I wish she was at the bottom of the Scioto. If she diskivers me thar'll be a row. I'm in for it, like a treed coon."

The girl, now satisfied that her lover had seen her leave the wigwam, and conscious that he understood her motive, approached the tree and sat down upon the trunk. The young brave carelessly, so as not to excite the attention of the other Indians, if any of them had chanced to see him, strolled toward

the thicket. Reaching it, concealed by the shadow cast by the forest line, he took a seat upon the fallen tree by the side of the squaw. Boone hardly dared to breathe, lest he should betray his presence to the twain. The scout was in a trap from which he saw no escape.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE AND HATE.

HARVEY WINTHROP had been the guest of the old General some three days, and during those three days he had discovered that he loved the fair girl, Virginia, whose life he had saved, and he had reason to believe from her manner toward him that she was not indifferent

to that love. Our hero determined to learn the truth. He was not one of those who believed that it needed years to foster and ripen love. Within his heart he felt that he loved Virginia with a pure and holy passion. He was sure that he could not have loved her any better if he had known

her all his life. Virginia guessed that she was loved by the young man-what girl does not guess when she

excursion to the ravine where she had been rescued from the bear by him.
Gladly Winthrop announced his willingness

to accompany her.

So the two set out for the rayine.

They passed down through the station and took the trail leading up the Kanawha.

As they walked onward, chatting gayly together, they had no suspicion that they were closely followed by three men, who, holding a consultation together on the edge of the timber, had noticed them as they passed.

Leaving the trail, the girl and the young

man walked into the ravine.

The three men, who had followed him so closely, paused at the entrance to the gorge, apparently to consult together. The fellow is her lover, as I guessed," said the foremost of the three, the one who had been the most eager to follow the two.

"It looks like it," said the taller of the two others, who was the dark-skinned stranger, who had called himself Benton. The third one of the party was a worthless fellow who hung about the station, ready to drink "corn-juice" when he could get it, and fit but for little else.

He was known as Bob Tierson.

"I'd gi'n him a lead of buckshot ef he came arter my gal!" said Bob, who was somewhat

given to boasting. "Perhaps I may," replied Murdock, who was the leader of the party. He spoke with an angry voice, and a lowering cloud was upon his sallow face.

"If the young fellow was out of the way, this would be a good opportunity to try the In-dian's game," said Benton, suggestively.

"Ef it was me, I'd put him out of the way mighty doggoned quick!" exclaimed Bob, who om lost an opportunity of telling what he

"For the first time in your life, Bob, you've said a wise thing," said Murdock.
"Fur the first time!" cried Bob, in indignation. "Wal, I reckon now, I don't take a back

"In drinking whisky? No, you don't, to do you justice," said Murdock, sarcastically. "But, Benton, can you fix up for the Indian now?"
"Yes, easily enough," replied the one addressed. "I've got the pigment to paint our

faces with in my pouch. Just lend me your hunting shirt, and take my coat." "How about your hair?" "Tie a handkerchief over it, nigger-fashion,"

suggested Bob. "Yes, that will do," said Murdock. "The girl will be so frightened that she won't be apt to notice you much. Tie a handkerchief over

her eyes the moment you grab her."
"And the young feller?" asked Bob. "Leave him to me," and Murdock tapped the butt of his rifle significantly. And you'll leave him to the wolves, eh?"

I shouldn't wonder," replied Murdock, dryly. "But the report of the rifle—if it should be

heard at the station-A hunter after game, that's all," said Murdock. "But come, let's tree our game; I have an idea that there'll be a love-scene between the

two up the ravine, and I'd like to be a looker-Murdock ground his teeth at the very So, cautiously and slowly, the three left the little trail by the banks of the Kanawha, and

followed in the footsteps of Virginia and Winthrop up the ravine. The girl and the young man reached the spot where the encounter with the bear had taken place, and there they halted.

The quick eye of the girl caught sight of the drops of blood dried upon the rock, where the bear had fallen and died. See," she said, pointing to the spots upon

the rock; "but for you my blood would have stained the stone instead of the brute's." "And but for that strange girl who came so aptly to my rescue, my blood might have been

'It was a moment of terrible peril," and Virginia half-shuddered at the bare remembrance. Yes; but it was evidently not your fate to die by the claws and teeth of the bear."

What will my fate be?" said the girl, re-"A bright and happy one, I hope," replied Winthrop. "I am sure that you deserve none

Ah!" said the girl; "but we do not get our deservings in this world." As she spoke she sat

down upon a rock that cropped out of the ground and looked up into the face of the oung man with her clear, bright eyes. In his heart Winthrop thought that he had never seen such clear, innocent eyes before. You should get yours," replied Winthrop

or else there isn't any justice in this world. I hope so," said Virginia, half-sadly. 'How beautiful the forest is!" said the young man, glancing around him; but in his

heart he thought the fair girl at his side was far more beautiful than any of her surroundings How do you like our home by the banks of the Ohio?" asked Virginia. "So well that I think the rest of my life will

be spent in yonder settlement," replied Winop, quickly.
Oh, I am so glad of that!" The tone of the

girl showed that the words came directly from her heart. A warm flush came over the face of the young man as the words fell upon his

"I am glad to hear you say that!" The ear nest tone of Winthrop told the girl that her suspicion was truth. She was loved. You are?" murmured Virginia, in a low

She felt that the words that she wished to hear-for she loved the man that had risked his life so nobly-would soon be spoken "Yes, I am; can you guess why?" voice of Winthrop trembled as he spoke. Virginia glanced up shyly in the face of the

young man, then dropped her eyes to the earth again. She did not answer. Encouraged by her silence, Winthrop spoke:

"Virginia, I have known you but a few days, but I feel as if I had known you all my life have liked as I do you-that I love as I do you; for, Virginia, I love you with all my whole the only volunteer from the schooner,

Virginia hung her head; her glances shylv swept the ground. She did not reply. You are not offended at my words, Virgi-

"No-no," she replied, slowly, looking up in his face with a half-smile.

and so she answered truthfully

No, not learn to love you, Harvey, for I do

Oh! the flood of joy that came over the young man when he discovered that the love directed the way, and in a short while we

"Virginia, you do love me, then?" he asked. "Yes," she murmured, softly.
"You will be my wife?"

"You will be mine, then, forever and forever ?

The young man gently raised the little head that nestled so snugly on his breast. Virginia understood the movement, and anticipated the wish of her lover. With a shy smile upon her face, and a coy look in her dark-brown eyes, she gave her lips up to her lover's caress.

The lips of the lovers met in a long, linger-

ing kiss—the first proof of love, so dear to all hearts. Lip to lip and soul to soul.

Virginia Treveling gave herself to Harvey Winthrop.

A moment only the lovers remained in each

other's arms.

Then the sharp crack of a rifle broke the still-

with a groan of anguish Winthrop reeled from the fond embrace of the young girl. He clutched wildly at the air, and then fell heavily on his side upon the rocky surface.
With a shriek of terror Virginia knelt by the

side of her lover.

The shriek of the young girl was answered by the shrill war-whoop of the Indian.

Forth from their covert in the thicket sprung two painted braves, and rushed with eager haste toward the young girl.

Virginia did not try to fly. Her senses were chilled to numbness by the fall of the man who

but a moment before had pressed the warm love-kiss upon her willing lips Eagerly the two that came from the thicket seized the girl. With a moan of anguish she fell fainting into their arms.

The bird was in the net. (To be continued-Commenced in No. 190.)

Tradillo, the Corsair.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

One pleasant day some years ago, I joined a party, bound on an expedition, or cruise, along the shores of Australia, where we intended seeking a haven now and then for the purpose of a hunt on shore.

We embarked in a good sailing schooner of a build closely resembling a yacht, and having been refitted to our taste, she made a most combeen refitted to our taste, she made a most comfortable craft, fully capable of accommodating on Lord Rowdon and his brother. our crew of seven, and pleasure-seekers, who all told, numbered fifteen.

Over a smooth sea and aided by a five-knot breeze, we sailed merrily along for some twenty-four hours, and then put into a small bay and pitched our tents and commenced arrangements for a grand hunt. The morning thus passed, and with great

success, for game in abundance lay before our tents, and with eager appetites we were preparing to sit down to a substantial dinner, when word came to us from the schooner that a strange-looking vessel was hovering off the coast, and, it was supposed, was intending to come into our bay.

Instantly all was commotion, and anxiously we sought a spot from whence we could view the intruder, and discovered one of those peculiarly-constructed, but swift-sailing vessels common in Chinese waters, and used formerly, and now it may be, for pirate craft by the Mandarins. Yonder vessel is certainly a pirate; and

see, I am right, for yonder floats the flag of Tadrillo, the Corsair." The speaker was Lord Ingersoll Rowdon,

and a gentleman whom we all knew had been a most extensive traveler over the world; for the past ten years he had spent visiting all parts of the Eastern land. A thorough gentleman, seemingly fifty years

of age, and generous and noble-hearted, though reserved and rather melancholy, Lord Rowdon was most popular, and between the Englishman and myself, particularly, there had sprung up a more than friendly regard. "What would you advise then, my lord?"

asked the schooner's captain. To remain where we are, finish our dinner,

and then get aboard so that we can run out as soon as it is dark, for he evidently is not look ing for us, but seeking a place to fill his water-The advice of Lord Rowdon was followed we heartily enjoyed our woodland dinner, and

soon after got aboard the schooner, which sheltered by a wooded point of land, could not be seen from the corsair, who seemed intently watching for a place to come in.

A boat soon left the stranger's side, and after sounding for depth of water, returned, for it

seemed unsatisfactory, and a moment after the corsair stood on a mile further down the coast, and entered cautiously into another and larger indenture, or bay.

It was now dark, and it took us but a very short while to get the schooner out into the open sea, and on her course "Gentlemen, I have a proposition to make,

and it is that we render the country some service by being the means of taking this pirate, aid Lord Rowdon, as we all stood upon the deck, closely watching the receding shores. "And how can we?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. I have a brother, now on this station, and he commands, as you may know, H. B. M. ship R—, and in a few hours we can run down to where we can find him, and it will be an easy matter for his vessel to return nd catch the pirate in his trap.

Very few of the party appeared to favor the the idea of aiding in the capture of a Chinese pirate, for well they knew the bloodthirsty character of the Mandarins; but we compromised the matter by putting the schooner at once away for the cruising-ground of the ship-of-war R——, with the intention of allowing those who so desired to join the nobleman and his brother in the attack, while the remainder continued on in the enjoyment of the pleasure

About midnight we sighted the R--, re-I have never met any one in the world that I ceived and answered her hail, and a few moments more found Lord Lowdon and myself pacious and warlike cabin of one of the finest little vessels in her majesty's service.
Captain Vane Rowdon, the commander, re-

cruise.

ceived his brother warmly, and extended cordial greeting to me. He listened to the object of our visit, and in ten minutes the R—

Winthrop guessed the truth in the soft eyes that looked so lovingly into his own.

"Virginia, may I hope that some day you will learn to love me?" Winthrop asked, with the sun rose ere we reached the little bay, and as its rays fell on the green background of the forest, we suddenly discovered the taper masts of the Chinaman soaring above the taper masts of the Chinaman soaring above the taper masts of the Chinaman soaring above was still at anchor.

"Mr. Morton, have all but one of the boats A moment more, and the head of the fair ed," ordered Captain Rowdon; and then, young girl was pillowed on the manly bosom turning to his brother and myself, he invited us to accompany him in his own cutter.

Taking the lead in the cutter, Lord Rowdon

that he wished so to gain was all his own. That the heart now beating so fondly against schooner had, the day before, and in a moment his breast was devoted to him, and to him frigate had crept.

Fifteen minutes more, and suddenly the trail, and thought he recognized the voice of and all was dark below. When it passed and quaint but formidable-looking craft came in one of his neighbor's sons, who belonged to the the night queen shone once more, only one full view, and at sight of us a great commotion was discernible upon the decks, for it was evident we had not before been discovered.

hundred yards from the Mandarin, a white flag was suddenly waved to us. "Rest on your oars, men. Brother, you

speak their lingo; ask them if they surrender, said Captain Rowdon. "What vessel is that?" hailed Lord Rowdon.

"The Sea Serpent," came the shrill reply.
"In the name of her British majesty I demand your surrender!" cried the Englishman. "To what vessel?"
"The sloop-of-war R—, Captain Vane Rowdon, commander."

It was so long ere we received an answer that Lord Rowdon hailed again.

"The commander wishes you to come on board," was the reply.

On went the boats again, and the next moment we stood upon the decks, and were surprised at the scene that met our gaze, for hardly half a dozen seamen were visible, the guns were drawn in from the ports and lashed firm-y, while the rigging and sails were in a tatter-

At the gangway a bright-looking Chinese outh, the same who had answered our hail, net us, and begged that the English commander would enter the cabin, and doing so Captain Rowdon beckoned to his brother and

It was a large and gorgeously-furnished cabin, fitted with every convenience and luxury, yet a neglected and desolate air reigned there. Upon a low divan near the stern ports was the figure of a man, and at a glance we saw he was severely wounded, for he breathed with difficulty, and upon a chair near by were a number of cloths, damp with blood.

As we entered he turned a face upon us, which I will never forget, so full was it of agony, remorse and supplication. The light from the stern port fell upon him, lisplaying a form above the medium hight, and of fine proportions, while the face, pale as death, was not that of a Chinese, but intelli-

gent, bold and handsome, in spite of its pinched look of suffering. The hair was brown, the mustache dark and wavy, and the eyes large and full of fire, but

"My God, Henri! Is it you?"
"You, Henri?" Such were the exclamations of the two

Englishmen as their eyes sought the look of the wounded man. "Yes, I, Henri Rowdon, your youngest brother, and Tradillo, the Corsair," bitterly said the chief.

"And you are our brother, too," quickly said Lord Rowdon, as he knelt beside the wounded man and took his hand in his, while the captain stepped forward and raising the other hand, remarked: "Yes, Henri, we will not cast you off, pirate though you be."

"Ever generous to me! How this now cuts me neither of you can feel; but it need not be known that your brother Henri, he who, years agone, was the pet of Rowdon castle, was Tradillo, for none know it now, and ere many hours I will be dead, for misfortune has followed me fast of late, ever since I had to run away from some Japanese cruisers and leave half of my men who were frolicking ashore hen a Chinese man-of-war attacked me and I suffered severely in men and rigging, besides being wounded mortally myself, while upon this followed a storm that swept a dozen more

of my crew into the ocean.
"Thus, in my despair, I put in here to die, and give my few remaining men a chance of

Tradillo had spoken slowly and painfully, from his side welled a great stream of blood, a few gaspings, a begging for forgiveness, and Henri Rowdon, the Chinese pirate, was dead. In silent grief the brothers stood and gazed upon the noble form lying dead before them,

and bitter indeed were their thoughts as they emembered how in his boyhood Henri had been the light of the house, for he was twenty ears and more their junior, and the child of their parents' old age. They thought of his youth, his wild college days, his fast and dissipated life in London—all before he had rown to man's estate, and then fleeing from nome with the brand of murder upon him, for n an evil hour he had shot down a policeman who would have arrested him while on a ca-

rousal. Then a blank came and nothing was heard of the wayward youth, and, as years went by the family looked upon him as dead, but still and wide, and at length had found him—the leader of Chinese pirates!

It was a sad blow, and bitter indeed were the thoughts of the brothers as they stood there in silent meditation, and pitying their painful situation, I said: "The world need not be the wiser, gentle

men: so let your boats return to the ship, the Chinese here can make a coffin, and your brother can be buried yonder on the land.

With warm thanks my plan was acted upon, nd dismissing all but a small guard, Captain Rowdon set the Chinese at work to bury chief, and in a few hours a rude coffin was made, a grave dug upon a beautiful wooded point of land, and with his own flag thrown over the bier, all that was mortal of Henri Rowdon found a grave in a foreign land, while his vessel and crew captured by the Rwere delivered up to the Chinese government and to this day none excepting those concerned know the story of Tradillo the Corsair.

The Doomed Settler. AN EPISODE OF THE KANSAS WAR,

BY JOSEPH E. BABGER, JR.

THE winter of 1855-6! Long will it be remembered by the early set there of Kansas. The "time that tried men's souls," renewed, and the days that earned for her the title of "Bleeding Kansas." To the early spring of the latter year do we now

One of the most prominent citizens of Lwas Carl Beneson, and also a leading member of the Free State party, whose outspoken senti-ments and fearless denunciation of slavery had gained him many bitter enemies as well as

Among the former was one especially vindictive and malicious in his words and actions, and who had sworn to kill Beneson at any cost. And those who knew him best said that he would keep his word, provided an opportunity was offered that did not entail too great a risk upon himself.

How Carl Beneson gained the deadly hatred

same party with himself.

Only pausing to draw his revolver, and see that the caps fitted close upon the nipples, Beneson rode to the *motte*, and, dismounting, With three hearty English cheers the boats dashed on, and when within a little over a rushed to the center, where a strange sight met

> Stripped to the skin, and suspended by a strong cord around his thumbs, so that his toes barely touched the ground, was a young lad, and, while one man vigorously plied a supple hickory withe, two others stood by, in apparently huge glee at the sport. They were Eli Voss, his brother Abel, and a stranger to Bene-

The Free Soiler, without hesitation, rushed forward, and, with one well-delivered blow of his clenched fist, sent Eli Voss reeling to the ground, and then leveled his revolver with one hand at the other two scoundrels while he evered the cords that upheld young Brown. This done, he said, in a cool tone:
"Now, I don't want to waste good powder

and lead upon such carrion as you are, but, by all that's good, if you are still in sight when I have counted twenty, I'll save the hangman a And he began to count, in a clear, measured

one. Eli Voss arose to his feet and glared furiously at his assailant, but the grim muzzle of the polished tube stared him full in the eye, and he shrunk back, muttering:

"You hold the trump cards now, but the time will come when I'll have revenge for that olow; curse you!' And ere the last number was counted, the cowardly trio had turned and fled through the woods, with a clear, taunting laugh ringing in

their ears. This was the event-occurring in the fall of the year preceding the date of our sketch—that had gained Carl Beneson such an enemy, and is detailed for the better understanding of what follows.

As we said, it was in March, 1856, and as the shades of night settled down over the earth, Beneson and his wife were sitting together in the cosy dining-room; the little ones having just been sent to bed. Little did either of them dream of the fearful events that were so soon to transpire, or of the dread doom that was even then hanging over at least one of them.

As the hours passed on, Carl fell asleep upon the sofa, while his fair young wife was sewing beside the table, softly humming a song. It was a peaceful picture; but then the silence

A loud knocking at the hall door was heard, and Mrs. Beneson glanced quickly toward her husband. He was tired and worn out with his day's work, and slept on, unconscious of all outward sounds.

The wife half-arose, and then sunk back into her chair, trembling with a strange foreboding of coming ill, and with the blood chased from her cheeks. Why she felt thus she could not herself have told.

As the knocking was again resumed, after a momentary pause, and resounding impatiently through the hall, she gently called her husband, but then with a little laugh of ridicule at her own fears, and determining not to arouse Carl if possible, arose and went out to the door. In answer to her query as to who was there, the name of one of the neighbors was given, whose voice she fancied she knew, and she threw open

But it was not the neighbor that sought admittance. It was Eli Voss upon his mission of

Whether he mistook her for his enemy or no. s not known, but as the door opened he dis charged a revolver full at her breast, and the unfortunate woman staggered back against the wall, uttering a piercing shriek of agony.

Another voice echoed back the cry, and as if recalled to life by the tones of her husband, and fearing for him, Mrs. Beneson rushed through the hell interference of the control of the co through the hall into the room, and fell sense-less and bleeding at her husband's feet. He spring erect and grasped his trusty revolver when he heard the voice of Eli Voss shouting "Follow me! boys; the cursed abolitionis

is at home, and we must bag him now With one glance at his motionless wife, Carl Beneson uttered a half-stifled howl of vengeance and dashed open the half-closed door. Confronting him he beheld the murderer, brandishing the still smoking pistol, and cheering

on his comrades. The words died in the man's throat as he be held the husband, and he strove to dodge aside but in vain. The settler's right arm straight ened out, and as the pistol cracked a wild death vell mingled with the echoes. The murdered wife was avenged.

Ere the settler could fire again, the other ruffians were upon him. Despite his desperate struggles, Beneson was bound and dragged out

into the open air. "Quick! boys," cried Abel Voss, as he leaped upon his horse's back; "hand him up to me, and then break for the timber! We'll have a ornet's nest about our ears in a minute!

Beneson was quickly thrown across the saddle, and then the outlaws dashed with wild vells out from the little village and regained he woods in safety, although confused shout and cries could now be heard behind them in the streets, and they well knew that but a few short minutes would elapse ere the avengers of

blood would be upon their track.

But little recked they of that. Once in the dense and tangled forest, they knew that pursuit in the night time would be in vain, v the fugitives were as familiar with the country as they were. And as they rode along at seem ngly reckless speed, their wild laughter and eers rung out like the merriment of fiends.

For nearly an hour they rode onward, with-

out pause, and the unfortunate Beneson was just beginning to recover his consciousness when the leader drew rein in a small glade, casting the bound and helpless form of the set-tler rudely to the ground. Abel Voss then "Make haste, boys, and rig the rope, for we

haven't much time to spare. Those infernal abolitionists will be on our track, hot foot, and f they should catch any of us, after this job, poor Eli would have company upon his ourney!" And he ended with a horrible curse Beneson now struggled to arise, still confused and bewildered, but Voss dealt him a brutal kick in the face that hurled him back again The outlaws were busily preparing an impromptu gallows, and with an adroit celerity hat spoke well for their fitness for the office of

Then Beneson was rudely dragged under the rope swinging from the sturdy bough of a for-est tree, and the noose was placed around his He began to speak, but the outlaw leader, growing impatient and dreading lest his revenge should be frustrated by the pursuing seters, gave the word, and poor Carl Beneson was uickly drawn up into the air, and the rope se urely wound around a tree-trunk.

The moon looked down upon a fearful sight,

s it sailed along through the light, fleecy

The quivering form of the doomed settler the dark and forbidding shapes of the murderers, amidst the grand and gloomy trunks of the

form was to be seen.

The form of the murdered settler, slowly swaying to and fro beneath the mournfully

creaking bough.

The next day the body of Carl Beneson was found by his friends and afforded Christian burial, but it was many long weeks ere his wife learned the whole gread truth. But in time she recovered from her wound, and taking her

fatherless children, returned to her relations, broken-hearted woman; another victim of that The Man from Texas:

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS, A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB,"
"WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED
MAZEPPA," "ACR OF SPADES," "HEART OF
FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE BLACK RIDERS. A HORSEMAN came galloping up the road, and Texas could hear the rumble of a heavy wagon in the distance.

The rider was Sam. "You found 'em, eh?" Texas asked, de-

scending to the ground from the piazza.

"Yes, sar; dat Joe is jes' as drunk as a b'iled owl, sar, and de odder one ain't much better. Dem's two big scally-waglum, Massa Tex-

"Ride back and have them go direct to the store-house. I'll cut across the plantation."
"Yes, sar." Then Sam rode off to intercent "Yes, sar." Then Sam rode off to intercept the wagon, while Texas hastened to the store-house. It was a square building built out of hewn logs about a couple of hundred feet back of the stable.

The door was fastened by an immense padlock which the overseer unlocked and then entered the building. Lighting a candle, he sat down to await the coming of the wagon.

The store-house was used for the more bulky supplies, such as bags of corn and oats, and bales of hay, straw, etc.

In about five minutes the wagon arrived. As Sam had said, the two blacks in charge of it

seemed considerably the worse for liquor; but as they were still able to work, Texas told Sam he needn't wait, and proceeded to set the two hands to unload the wagon and stow away the bags of corn in the house, while Sam proceed-It did not take long to unload the wagon, and the moment the work was finished, the

overseer started the blacks off to put the mules up, while he lingered for a moment in the store-house to make a memorandum of how many

bags had been brought by the wagon.
Texas sat down on a bale of hay, and proceeded to check the account.

Hardly had his pencil made the first mark when the door was thrown suddenly open, and four figures, wrapped in black cloaks, with their faces hidden by black masks, through which shone gleaming eyes, entered the store-house, closing the door behind them. Each one of the masked men carried a revolver, cocked and loaded; and the last one of the four, a giant in size, carried a little coil of rope on his arm, and the end that swung from his hand was adjust

ed in a hangman's noose.

The Man-from Texas looked up in unaffected astonishment at this sudden irruption of somber and threatening figures.

But the overseer never rose from his seat upon the bale of hay; he still held the note-book upon his knee, and the pencil was still raised to make the stroke; his nerves were surely of

iron. "Four on'em," he muttered, between h "and I don't believe it's a very good night for

Ku Kluxes, either."

Although this was the first time that Texas had ever been brought face to face with any of the night marauders who assumed the disquise of black cloaks and masks, he guessed at once who his visitors were

The masked ruffians, who, under the name of Ku Klux, have committed such terrible outrages in the South, had quite a playful origin At first reckless young men, who were eager for a little fun, assumed horrible disguises, and rode in squads at night for the purposes of frightening simple-minded negroes; and by aking advantage of that terror, shut them with in doors at night and so keep them from noc turnal plundering excursions upon the property of the white planters.

As the night-riders were always completely disguised, the rogues and thieves soon adopted the cloaks and masks to cover their purpos then the politicians took it up—particularly when it was necessary to get rid of some office holder who couldn't be frightened away by words. And at the time of which we write-1868—the Ku Klux band were a terror and disgrace to various parts of the South, and were used more for the purpose of covering traces of personal quarrel, and for the satisfaction of private vengeance than any thing else, though arnestly preached against by the leading men of both the political parties. general rule, were strangers, or upholders of the dominant party. The government at this time had not crushed out Ku Kluxism with the iron heel of military power.
"Stranger, listen!" said the masked man in

the advance, in a hoarse voice, evidently as-"Jes' hold on a minute, fellow-citizens, till I get through with this cyphering, and I will at-

tend to your cases," the overseer replied, cool as an icicle, and apparently not in the least dis-turbed by the presence of his strange visitors. Then he went on with his calculation. "Sixteen bags of corn from Scott and Company, received April 16th, correct!" Then he closed his book and returned it and the pencil

to his pocket. The masked men looked at each other in some little astonishment. The coolness of the man puzzled them. It was evident he was not at all

Now, my brethren, spit it out; what is it? I'm your man," said Texas.
"The clock has struck twelve—"
"Hold on!" exclaimed the overseer, quickly,

interrupting the chief of the Ku Klux; "that clock is wrong; it isn't ten yet."
"Do not dare to trifle with us!" cried the masked man," sternly. We are the Ku Klux

Klan—your doom is fixed—you die at twelve."
"Recorded!" groaned the rest of the masked men, in solemn chorus "Played out!" ejaculated the overseer, commptuously. "You can't skeer me worth a temptuously. "You can't skeer me worth a cent! Take off your lion-skins; your ears be

tray that you are only a lot of jackasses? The masked men got angry at this, and made a step foward the overseer, but he faced them with an undaunted look and never moved.

"Rash man! Why tempt our vengeane by

of Eli Voss the following incident will show.
While on a journey to Kansas City, Beneson heard cries and groans proceeding from a clump of trees at some little distance from the little distance fr

"Oh, go to thunder!" cried Texas, rising in contempt. "See here, now; this has gone jest about far enough. You may be able to play this on the niggers, but you can't on me. I'll give you just five minutes to get out of this shanty, or I'll just go in and clean out the whole lot of you, though I haven't got a weapon. I can stand a joke as well as most men, but this is a little too much for good nature."

"Stop your noise!" cried Missouri, imperiously; "you goose! they are not at the stable, but back at the store-house."

"Deed, missy, dey's all ober. Ef I was to gwine out to de stable, I'd be a dead nigger, sure, boo-hoo!" and the girl howled again.

"I'll go myself!"

Then to Missouri's mind came the thought that while superintending the averaging of the

take that the overseer was laboring under. The had taken the whole affair to be a practical reau. "Oh, Heaven!" she murmured; "he is un-

dead earnest. The second one of the masked men removed

the covering from his face and revealed the features of the outlaw.

Texas was astonished. He knew Ozark by

reputation, and recognized him at once from the description given of him. "I'm Yell Ozark, I am," growled the out-

"This is no joke; we mean business every time," cried the Ku Klux leader, sternly. "We give you twenty-four hours' warning to leave

If you are found place—this county. within the limits of Franklin after that time, may the Lord have mercy on your soul."
"Why do you order me away?" Texas demanded, considerably mystified by these strange

proceedings. That is our business," returned the masked man, sternly.

"I haven't trod on anybody's toes since I've been here that I'm aware of," Texas expostu-"Seek not to question, but obey," said the masked man.

I'll see you in the bottomless pit first!" replied the overseer, with uncommon energy.

The masked men started in surprise.
"You refuse to go?" cried the Ku Klux leader, in a tone of menace.

CHAPTER XXXVII. UNFORTUNATE MISS BUTTERFLY.

Missouri, extended upon her bed with her face buried in the pillow, sobbing as if her heart would break, heard the sound of Sam's horse's hoofs as he galloped up and then rode away again; then she heard the overseer descend the creaking steps and the low rumble of the wagon as it passed by the house on its way to the store-room.

It was probably a quarter of an hour, at least, before Missouri recovered her composure. Then she rose from the bed, lighted a candle and sat down by the window to medi-

Long and thoughtfully she reflected upon what had passed between her and the over-

I suppose that I acted like a silly child. and that he won't have the best opinion in the world of me," she murmured; "but I couldn't help it. I knew that he was making believe, and I couldn't have helped telling him I knew it, if I had died for it."

Then she looked out of the window over the fields toward the store-house, as if she expected that her eyes would pierce alike the gloom of the night and the wall of the log-cabin, and so

reveal to her sight the form of the overseer. Five or ten minutes she had sat in deep meditation by the window, when she heard a low scratching on the door. That was Butter-fly's knock, and a moment after the door opened and the young negro girl came in, looking frightened half to death.

What's the matter, Butterfly? Your eyes are as big as saucers."

'Oh, bress de Lord, missy, dev's come!" exclaimed the girl, sinking on her knees in an

agony of terror.

Missouri rose from her seat in wonder. She saw at once that something very unusual must have occurred to produce such a state of terror, for Butterfly was quite courageous by nature. What is the matter, Butterfly? Can't you tell me--what has come?" Oh! we's all gwine to be killed!" and then

the girl commenced to rock herself to and fro and to howl dismally.

"Stop your crying at once, Butterfly!" exclaimed Missouri, firmly but kindly. "Tell me what you have seen. Is it something on the stairs or in your room?"

"Oh, no, missy," the girl sobbed. "Oh, 'fore de Lord, save us poor sinners! Dey's out dar, missy," and then the girl pointed through the open window toward the stables and store-

Missouri's heart gave a great leap and for a moment she felt a choking sensation in her

She darted at the girl and seizing her by the shoulder, raised her bodily from the floor. "Tell me instantly what you have seen and where!" she exclaimed, excitedly, and in her nervous agitation, she gave the unfortunate Butterfly a good shaking which had the effect of bringing her partially to her senses.

'Dey's all out dere by the store-house an' in de store-house wid Massa Texas. I was comin' from aunty Dinah's house an' I see'd 'em wid my own two lookin' eyes!" the girl howled.
"Saw who?" exclaimed Missouri, almost in

despair of ever getting any information from the terrified girl.
"Dem debils wid black t'ings, dat rides nights for to eat poor niggers!" cried Butter-

fly. The Ku Klux!" Missouri started back in horror, weak as a child, and Butterfly went down on the floor, all in a heap, with a most dismal howl.

The girl was well aware of the terrible nature of the generality of the visits of the masked men, and her heart trembled for the over-

seer.
"Was any one else there?" she demanded. "No, missy; dere was a hundred of dem went into de house arter Massa Texas, an' one on dem stayed outside," the negress said, be-

tween her howls of terror.

Missouri understood at once that this statement was a little exaggerated.

The girl pressed her hand upon her heart as though by that act she would calm its tumul-"Oh, Heaven give me strength in this my hour of need!" she murmured. Wildly the thoughts flashed through her brain; desperate-

ly she essayed to think of some plan to rescue the overseer from the terrible danger which

Her first impulse was to send for the field-hands to go to the assistance of Texas, but instantly rejected the idea, as she thought of the terror these midnight riders inspired among the superstitious blacks.

Then she thought of Sam; she knew that he

had served in the Union army, and having smelt powder on the field of battle, would not be so apt to give way to the Ku Klux fear.

"Butterfly, will you go over to the stable and tell Sam that I want him?" she said.

"Butterfly, will you go over to the stable have taken Little Rock an' the huh of Steele's army."

'Deed, missy, I don't dar' fur to stir out of house," the negress moaned.
"Why not?" demanded Missouri, impa-

"I'se afeard of dem black debils!" and then

Butterfly commenced to howl again.

but this is a little too much for good nature." that, while superintending the arranging of the
The Ku Kluxers understood at once the mis-

"Ozark, show yourself," commanded the chief; "convince the stranger that we are in idea came into her head. "With the revolvers, Sam and I might be able to frighten them

> Seizing the candle, she advanced to the Butterfly jumped to her feet in grotesque

"Oh, whar is you gwine, missy?" she fal-

tered.
"To get Sam and try to rescue the over-seer!" paomptly answered the planter's daughter. "Take me wid you, missy!" Butterfly howl-

ed; "dem brack debils will come an' git me ef I stay yere alone." And she trembled as if stricken with the ague. You'll cry out and make a noise!" asserted

her mistress.
"'Deed I won't, missy. I'll be jes' as still as

deff," the negress replied, earnestly.
"Come, then; but remember if you make a

oise I shall let them take you."

Missouri had reflected that, though Butterfly could not be counted upon to take an active part in the rescue, yet she could howl enough for a dozen and therefore would be a valuable equisition, as the masked men would imagine that they were assailed by a whole regiment of eks upon hearing her cries.

Missouri proceeded at once to the overseer's room. As she had expected, the two revolvers were in the drawer. Securing them she perceived that every chamber was loaded.

Then, followed by Butterfly, who was trem-bling in every limb with terror, and therefore kept close to the heels of her mistress, Missouri went at once to the stable. As usual, Sam had a choice collection of familiar spirits with him.

Missouri called him out and briefly explained Sam's military ardor was inflamed in a min-

"By golly, I ain't afeard of dem rascals!" he exclaimed. "I fit 'em when I was in de army, an' they can't skeer me 'kase dey's got dar faces kivered up. I've got my musket inside an' dar's five or six good boys in dar fur to help us; dey kin yell, if dey can't fight. I jes' tell 'em dat dere's some chieken-thieves down 'round da story boys on 'I we'll ye'r. storehouse, an' I won't say nuffin' 'bout dem brack riders, 'kase dat will skeer 'em. You see, missy, dey ain't fit fur Uncle Sam, like I

Then Sam went inside, got his musket and assembled his followers.

Five minutes after the "army" was on its way to rescue the overseer.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN EASY VICTORY. "Refuse to go?" exclaimed Texas, repeatng the words of the masked man; "of course refuse! I don't acknowledge your right to order me away. What have I done to you or to any of the people of this country? You ought to consider me a good Southern-rights man, for I have whaled a sarey nigger like thunder since I've been here."

A hoarse growl of rage came from the gigan-tic figure in black, who held the rope, at this

"The Ku Klux Klan do not give their rea by the mystic brotherhood of the South, unless you instantly quit this place. The Grand Cyclops has spoken; the single eye is upon you and you must obey the command."
"Brotherhood of the South!" exclaimed the

overseer, in contempt; "that's a lie! You're a set of scallywags, the whole lot of you; a band of mean, cowardly cut-throats that take advantage of the darkness and a disguise to satisfy winter and personal and a content of the con satisfy private and personal grudges. No true man, north or south, will hide his face behind a mask and stab his enemy without giving him a chance for his life. You're a cowardly set of a chance for his life. You're a cowardily set of miserable, sneaking cowards! Fire and be hanged to you! You've got arms and are four to one, but if you don't kill me first fire, I'll settled in life, he was perfectly willing to make any pecuniary sacrifice in his power."

Weaponless and glone, but with every muscle in his frame swelling with indignation, The-Man-from-Texas defied the Ku Klux band.

The cowardly assault had wrought him to such a pitch of rage that death had no terrors

At this critical period, when the revolvers of the masked ruffians were about to lodge their leaden contents into the body of the reckless overseer, clear and shrill a woman's voice ounded on the air. 'Here they are, father, in the store-house

Then followed the hoarse voice of the violent

"Furst company forward by de flank; sec-

ond battalion take 'em in de rear! Ready-fire!' Then came a scattering volley of shots, fol-

lowed by a yell that rung in the ears of the masked men like the knell of impending doom. The unceremonious way in which the Ku Klux band left that store-house and got upon their horses and flew, fully proved that retreat-ing was their "best holt"—to use the "West-

The raising of the siege was performed so uickly that even the overseer was taken by

Another yell, more powerful than the first, came from the lips of Sam and his "army" as hey beheld the sudden flight of the Black Ri-

And as for the members of the Ku Klux band, they were firmly convinced that old General Smith had armed all the negroes on the plantation and had planned a deliberate attack for the purpose of capturing the whole party. "You infernal fools!" growled the leader of the band—who was no other than Will Fay-ette—enraged that he had yielded to sudden

fear and allowed himself to be carried away by the headlong rush of the rest; "why didn't you stand? It was only Smith and the negroes, and they won't fight." "They'll fight like blue blazes, sometimes," exclaimed Ozark, in reply; "don't you remember the fight at Jenkin's Ferry, or the battle of

the Saline, as the Yanks call it? The nigs fought like devils thar. Fagan or Kirby Smith can tell you all 'bout that. Ef it hadn't been for the thrashin' that we got thar, we would

Gentlemen, I protest against this Ku Klux business!" exclaimed another one or the riders speaker was Job Foxcroft.

the sentinel for allowing himself to be surprised; and that worthy—one of the vagabonds of the "landing" who had been seduced into the affair by the gift of a bottle of whisky—two year, I made a trade for myself. One day

tack was when they opened fire. One thing was certain, though: the Ku Klux took a fancy to her and bought her, payin' a expedition was chiefly distinguished by its com-After the abrupt and ignominious flight of

overseer appeared. "We's done beat 'em!" Sam exclaimed, in as obidient as a dog. triumph, waying his musket wildly in the air. "By golly, flow dey run! You couldn't see de

hosses, fur de dust dey raised!' A loud laugh went up from the blacks at this remark. They were wild with triumph at havng put to flight the terrible Ku Klux riders, although it is safe to remark that, had the ly, not two out of the number would have stirred a single step from the barn.

Missouri had only waited to catch sight of darkness to return to the house.

But Sam related to the overseer the part that the girl had in his rescue, and Texas was fully conscious that to her he probably owed his "The trail led away, broad and plain, to-

The overseer locked up the store-room and their quarters to boast of their mighty deeds, wonderful deeds of valor.

About half-past ten General Smith got home, and was very much astonished at hearing of the Ku Klux's visit and warning, and was ut-terly unable to assign a reason for their hos-place, not ten mild from where I had stopped

tility to the overseer Texas, though, had reflected over the matter, and an idea had come to him. If, in some mysterious way, the object of his visit to Smithexcellent reason to wish to force him to leave.
The mysterious warning coupled with the strange disappearance of the contents of the tin-box, all tended to convince him that the assassin was still in the village, and from his being able to control the masked men, was evidently a man of some note.

Texas felt certain of two things. paper left by his slain father, was one and the endurin' as a flint-stone. same, and that man was the one that he was in

The General and Texas had resumed their former seats on the piazza to talk the Ku Klux attack over, and, after they had duly discussed that topic, the General abruptly turned the conversation to his visit to old Fayette, the

"What do you suppose he said, Mr. Texas, when I asked him if it was possible for him to extend the mortgage, after telling him frankly just how I stood?"

I haven't the least idea, sir." "Well, he talked—as men generally do when asked for a favor of that kind—of how scarce money was, and how he had depended upon the sum due from me to meet certain things with, and that he didn't really see how he wa oing to get on without it, but-now mind, Mr Texas, this was put in the most gentlemanly manner, for Fayette is a high-toned gentleman ons," said the leader of the band, sternly.
Enough that you have been marked for death

Enough that you have been marked for death

Enough that you have been marked for death I could not possibly take umbrage, that his son had formed a sincere attachment for my daughter, and that, if the young people could manage to form an alliance, he should feel especially honored, and would present his daugher-in-law with a little document, worth about four thousand dollars. You will understand, Mr. Texas, this was said with extreme regard to my feelings. No bargain and sale about it. As a man of business, obliged to meet certain payments at certain times, he must enforce the

A grave look settled upon the face of the overseer as he listened to the recital.

"A fair offer it seems to me," he said, slowly.

"Yes, it depends upon Missouri now. I shall see her to-morrow. Good-night."

The two then retired. The overseer did not

go to sleep for quite a long time. (To be continued—commenced in No. 181.)

The Stolen Mustang.

BY MARK WILTON.

"WHEN I first settled in Texas," said old Jack Frazer, one evening, when we were collected around the camp-fire, and one of our number had reminded the veteran borderer that it was his turn at story-telling, "things were in a rayther unsettled state. Not that they have become wholly settled now—that ain't what I'm going to tell about, but how things were then.

"Wal, heave ahead, old hoss, an' never mind the 'explanatory notes by the author,'" said Billy Grav. "Keep shady there, sonny, or I'll make a pecial procession hyer, right away," growled

"Don't interrupt, Billy!" said Captain Ned, authoritatively, for he knew old Frazer's anger would soon make him forget his story if it was

not quieted.

"As I was a saying, things were rayther out of j'int; or, to come to the p'int at once, a man's life and property wa'n't wuth shucks in that region unless he stood up like a man for "When I settled down on the big ranch I

had bought of a sartain Senor Montroy for a mere song, I did so knowing parfectly well the onsettled state of the kentry, and without a single shake in my boots. For ye see, boyees, my experience as a sailor, in several foreign wars, and a couple of years in Arabia, had given me a purty fa'r idee of what hard times

"So ye see I settled in Texas without taking the least bit of awe for its lawless citizens along with me; for the majority of the distarbers were Mexicans, an' what is a Mexican anyway but a low, sneaking, cowardly hoss-thief?
"Wal, when the senor left he left all his sar-

vents at the ranch, an' so all I had to do was to say to the overseer, who was an honest, well-meaning varmint, ef he was a Mexican and a in a trembling voice. "We might have been meaning varmint, of he was a Mexican and a all killed by these ignorant blacks!" The coward—all I had to do was to say to him:

"Stop your noise!" cried Missouri, imperi- mutual recrimination as to who had been the sight better'n I do.' An' so he did, and finding first to run, and finally all united in blaming him a fa'rly intelligent varmint, I jest let him

> protested that the "hull darned army" had a Comanche red-skin kim along on a halfcrept up under the shelter of a worm fence, and that the "furst thing" he knew of the atflesh while on the Arabian deserts, I at once

> "But I never regretted it, boyees, for with a little judicious trainin' she developed into an the masked men, the rescuing army advanced almighty speedy varmint. Ah! how I loved to the store-house, at the door of which the her; and how she loved me! With a little trainin' she became as gentle as a kitten, and

"She had be'n on the plantation nigh onto a year, when one mornin' I woke up to find her gone; an' signs around in the vicinity to show that a band of mounted men had passed and

taken her with them. "Lord, boyees, you orter see'd me then! I r'ally b'lieve I seart my Mexican sarvints out boasting darkies been aware of the character of a year's growth a-swearin' an' howlin' an' of the foe they had advanced to attack so bold-stormin'. I cussed them, an' myself, an' every thing an' everybody; but ended by orderin' them to mount and foller me in pursuit of the thieves. Bah! you orter see'd them then!

The mere idee made them turn pale; so, sadthe overseer, and to assure herself that he was unharmed; then had taken advantage of the dling the best hoss I had left—the hoss-thieves hadn't taken any but Princess, for reasons

ward the north-west for twenty miles, when it The overseer locked up the store-room and began to gradually wind around toward the returned to the house, while the blacks went to south-west until that became its reg'lar course I made out that there was about twenty-eight and by the time they got there, the attack on or thirty hosses in the crowd, nearly all shod. the Ku Klux band and their sudden flight, had which showed me that the riders were not Inengthened into a desperate hand-to-hand bat- dians, onless they had been stealing hosses on the of at least a quarter of an hour, during which each individual darkey had performed reg'lar business, or they would have taken all of mine. So I decided that they must be Mexi-

"Wal, I follered them all that day, and the

"Arter follerin' a short distance furder, the trail divided—a half-dozen hosses havin' gone north-west, and the remainder continering on willed had become known to the man who had in the previous cou'se. Of course this did not killed his father, that person would have a very perplex me at all, fur I knowed Princess' track right well, and soon made out that she had

been taken with the smaller party.
"I had now no doubt of the final eend of my enterprise, for I considered myself good for six men in my present state of mind, whether they were white, red or striped.

"So, with a whoop away I went, urging my gallant steed forward at his utmost speed. He was a large-framed, homely beast, was Black The man who had started the Ku Klux band was a large-framed, homely beast, was Black after him, and the man who had stolen the Dan, but he was swift for all of that, and as

> "The trail growed fresher as I perceeded, and a leetle afore noon I diskivered a thin arm of smoke arising from a timmer-belt not fur ahead. I did not car' about ridin' within rifleshot of the unknown campers, so, keepin' Killbuck ready fur use, I rode around one eend of the belt, hopin' to git a better view on t'other

> "I wasn't disapp'inted. The prairie made a bend inter the timmer at one p'int, like a half-moon, an' in this leetle spot five men were encamped. They were lounging around in various positions, and were all of the same stamp; small, slovenly-looking Mexicans, in gaudy but soiled clothes. They were armed to the teeth, and this sarcumstance, together with some others, confarmed me in my former belief that

> they were prairie-pirates. . "One thing was sartain: they were either ignerent o' the ways o' the prairie, or else were rayther reckless; for not only had they built a fire out o' green wood, but had let me approach quite nigh to them without seein' me.
> "But what interested me the most

> sight of my lost mustang that was quietly feed ing with the other hosses of the marauders. As I war'n't in yumar fur foolin', I jest give a peculiar whistle which brung up Princess' head in a shake; the noble critter knowin' her master's signal right well. "The Greasers did not mind the whistle; but

an instant later when my hoss set off on a dead gallop torts me, they pricked up their ears summut, you kin bet, and tried to call her back. They might as well have tried to stop the wind. Princess knew her old master was 'round, and nothin' but an ounce o' cold lead could have kept her from joinin' him. "The pirates had no idee o' losin' thar stolen mustang, so leapin' to their saddles, they swept down in pursuit o' her. But afore they had rode two rods I was astride Princess' back, and

with Black Dan at my side, was speeding away out o' their reach.

"How the fellers stormed, an' cussed, an' threatened! They might have saved their breath—threats never had much effect on old

"Ef I had be'n alone with Princess I could soon have rode away from them, but Black Dan had be'n rode long and hard, and was rayther blowed; besides, there were some splendid hosses in the gang ahind us, and we could not gain an inch. Bullets began to drop around me, too, just near enough to be dangerous, so I saw I had got to give them fellers a lesson afore they would let me alone.

"So drawin' Killbuck to my shoulder I blazed

away, not aimin' at any one in perticular, but at the group, and as luck would have it put a ball into the foremost hoss's head.

"This left me but four pursuers, but they were so hot after me, and peppered me so free ly, wounding me once in the arm, that I go out o' patience and fired again, droppin' a ma but this did me no good, for the feller I had dismounted afore was soon mounted on the

hoss and kim cavortin' along in the rear.
"Wal, to make a long story short, we kept
up a runnin' fight for several mild, and then the two remainin' Greasers turned tail and rode off. Just fur the fun o' the thing I charged arter them, an' away they went like cowardly wolves and that was the last I ever saw of

"Of the three fellers whom I had dropped from their hosses, two were stone dead, while the other was fast follerin' them. Afore he

the other was fast follerin' them. Afore he died he made a clear breast o' the affair, and I learned the follerin' perticulars:

"They were all members o' a so-called "Red Roger's' band of prairie-pirates, and this "Red Roger" havin' a spite ag'in' a Greaser village was then on his way to destroy it. Knowin' he would have to jest git up an' dust when the massacre was over, he had wanted the very best hosses he could git; this was the reason he had stole my swift mustang an' left my other he had stole my swift mustang an' left my other

"Wal, the Greaser soon died, and then leavin' his carkiss and that of his comrades fur the wolves, I turned tail an' rode homeward.

Arter this I took good care o' my mustang you kin bet, an' she wa'n't stole ag'in."

"And 'Red Roger'—what of him?" asked

Jeb Washburne. "Wal, it seems that one o' his band turned I killed by these ignorant blacks!" The coward—all I had to do was to say to him: traitor an' peached, an' so instead o' surprisin' eaker was Job Foxcroft.

And as the party rode on, they indulged in know how to run this 'ere shebang a mighty killed, an' his men scattered forever."

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A FASHIONABLE GIRL'S LOVE-LETTER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Your face from my fond vision can not pass, 'Tis e'er before me like the looking-glass. If I could ever cease in you to trust, My hopes would trail like my dress in the dust. My thoughts of you, which tongue can never speak, Deepen the rouge upon my conscious cheek. The fear that you might cease to think me fair Does pain me like these gaiters which I wear. And when at night I rest me from my cares, I think of you, though I forget my prayers. 'Twould startle me to hear your love had ranged, As much as 'twould to hear the styles had changed. Yea, if another maiden pleased your sight, My cheek would show an extra lily-white. How sweet it is to hear you tell your love, And squeeze my hand just like this narrow glove! I wait as fondly for your coming, dear, As for the newest fashions to appear.

My tender love for you will alter not. And will not fade like the last dress I bought. My heart, in spite of narrow corsets, grows Fonder of you as every moment goes. I'll ne'er forget you till the day I die, You are the only beau I'd like to tie. And if you wish me, love, to be your bride, I must begin my colors to decide. Whether pale blue, with flounces, trimmed with flowers, Or simple white, would suit a love like ours. But anyway I'll trust in you, dear sir, As fondly as I'd trust my milliner. And so good-night, sweet dreams, I'll dream of you And that nice suit I saw at Stewart's too.

DICK DARLING, The Pony Express-Rider. A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ. TIT.

"Now, Marse Dick," said Tom Nelson, as the mail-carrier and he sat at opposite sides of a little fire, in the Twelfth Infantry camp, a night or two after the murder of General Can by; "dis yer war ain't gwine to be got over so quick as dem folkses in Yreka t'inks. It's berry well fo' Gineral Gillem to gib big order, ''ster-minate ebbery cussed Modoc,' but 'tain't so easy to do the 'sterminating dem fellers, Marse Dick

Now why for should you and I be loafin' 'roun here, when we mout be out wid Missy Charlotte at Fairfields, whar we is allers welcome, you know, Marse Dick. De season is gwine, and de corn and taters is not in, and dough fitin's mighty pooty work fo' leetle time, it get mighty tiresome to dis nigger." Dick Darling laughed.

"If you're tired, you can go home, Tom. For my part, I volunteered to carry the mails during this business, and I don't intend to give up, till Captain Jack and all his pals are ironed in rock."

But den, what Missy Charlotte do?" asked Tom, shrewdly. He knew the right road to influence Darling. The young mail-carrier's face changed.
"What of her?" he asked. "I must do my

duty without regard to her, and perform my agreement with the Government."
"But Missy Charlotte she send word by me, she want see Marse Dick, berry partickler,"

said Tom, stoutly.
"Did she say that?" asked Dick, eagerly. "Yes, Marse Dick," replied the darky, un-blushingly; which was a tremendous lie on his

part, and he knew it. But Tom was too anxious to get home, to hesitate at a falsehood more or less, if it only secured his end. The young mail-carrier mused a few minutes. Tom, I must certainly go see her," he said

in a low voice, "if I have to get leave. 'No need of dat, Marse Dick," said Tom rewdly. "No need let ebberybody in camp shrewdly. know your business. You an' me is gwine to Yreky to-morrer. Let's go roun' by Fairfiel's ranch, an' pay our respex."
"A good idea, Tom. We'll do it. Time to

go to sleep. Good-night."

When the first faint streaks of dawn were brightening in the east, Dick Darling and Tom Nelson were in the saddle, and riding slowly and cautiously out of the Lava Beds. So broken was the country, and so favorable for ambushes, that the young mail-carrier was com pelled to take a different route every day, to es cape assassination.

In the faint, dubious light, they struck down a narrow canon, which led them out on the plain in safety, just as the light became plain. Dick Darling breathed freer when he came out on the open prairie. Bold as he was, there was something in the nature of the Modoc war. so horrible and bloodthirsty, something so goomly and repulsive in those black Lava Beds that it weighed upon the youth's senses like a nightmare.

Come along, Tom," he cried, when they were at last on the prairie; "if we expect to reach Yreka by way of Fairfield's ranch, we'll have to stir round pretty lively.'

And the two comrades, white and black, stretched rapidly off to the westward, in the direction of Fairfield's ranch. Not a sign of a Modoc was to be seen, and in three hours from the time they left camp, the huge live-oak that sheltered the gate of the ranch appeared in

The hound Hector accompanied them; for since that faithful creature had twice saved his master's life, by giving intelligence of approach ing danger, Darling had consented to taking him along. Now, suddenly, the dog gave a furious bay, and darted forward toward the ranch at such lightning speed that he left the riders far behind.

"Marse Dick, dar's an Injun sneakin' roun de ranch," said Tom, eagerly. "I knows dat dog's ways. Let's ride like sixty."

And away went the comrades toward the ranch at full gallop, following the dog, who ran straight as an arrow toward the great liveoak tree that grew near the ranch gate, baying loudly all the time.

Then they heard a great disturbance in the ranch, and out came old Fairfield, rifle in hand, roused by the dog. They saw him raise his rifle to his shoulder; and then, like a flash, out darted an Indian on foot from under the great tree and ran like a deer across the prairie toward a clump of cottonwood a little way off. But that Indian was not destined to escape. The old agent leveled his rifle with cool deliberation, and they saw a little puff of white smoke. The savage threw up his arms and fell dead with a shriek, just as the two daughters of Fairfield came running out of the gate, each bearing a rifle, in the style of true border

heroines. As the comrades galloped up, there was a scream of joyful recognition, and then Dick Darling was off his horse, and Charlotte Fairfield was in his arms. Tom Nelson rode round the ranch in company with old Fairfield to as-

near by, but none were found. The old rancher returned on foot to the gate, while Tom took a wider circuit through the prairie on the look-out for sign of any kind. The slain Indian proved to be a Klamath, as they supposed, and the fact made Tom very uneasy, as it showed that the Klamaths must be grow

ing bold from the impunity of the Modocs. When he came back toward the tree, he fel sober and thoughtful, but the sight he beheld there was enough to cheer up a hermit in Lent. Charlotte and Dick were standing under the great live-oak with their hands clasped in each other's, while the girl appeared to be earnestly warning Dick not to expose himself to peril for her sake. But Tom started with surprise as he looked to the rear of the lovers; for there stood Sophy Fairfield, regarding them both

with a gloomy, lowering brow.

Her father stood near her, watching them with grave approbation, and not seeing the expression of his youngest daughter's face. But Tom did; and the shrewd darky understood the situation at a glance.

"Golly, dat light-haired gal as jealous of de dark one as she can be," he muttered. "Dey've both been pullin' caps for Marse Dick, and de dark one's got him. Golly, but I'se glad 'tain't my gal she's a-glowerin' at. She look as if she

Here Dick called to him, laughingly:

"Tom, you've been lying to me, you rascal.
You said that Miss Charlotte wanted to see

"An' I guess as how she did, boss," was the grinning reply; "leastwise it look uncommon like it jess now. I nebber tells no lie, Marse

"But you told me she gave you a message, and she never did."
"Well, well, Dick, we might as well forgive him," said Charlotte, smiling; "for he brought you to me when I least expected you, and brought Hector, too, the good old dog, who saved us all from being murdered perhaps, for that Indian must have been only a spy from a larger body."

larger body."

"And I'se t'inkin', Missy Charlotte," said
Tom, gravely, "dat we'll have to be gittin' out
of dis hyar ef dem fellers is roun', or we won't

"ueen questioned, in h
"On one condition,"
tering his sable wings.

"And the condition

Strange Stories. THE FEATHERED VEST. ANORWEGIAN LEGEND,

BY AGILE PENNE.

THE galley of golden-haired Morna, widow of great Red Rollo, lord alike of sea and land, was on the stormy waste of waters.

The angry waves were tossing up and down; the spirits of the blast rode on the bosom of the tempest, and in loud discordant notes they sung the knell of the Norwegian queen.
"Save me, oh, Heaven!" moaned the help-

less woman, as she knelt upon the galley's deck and lifted her streaming eyes to the angry clouds above, but the whistle of the wind and the splash of the sea were the only answer to

her prayer.

Then through the leadlike clouds and the screaming gale a huge raven winged his flight. At a single glance the Norway queen recognized the ill-omened bird. It was the spirit of the ancient war-god, that in the olden time had fluttered his wings over the battle-field when the fierce northern warriors had carried dismay and death to the southern lands;

"And France's Knights, forward and bold, Rough Rollo's ravens croaked them cold."

Upon the mast of the little galley the raven perched. He folded his wings and glared with his piercing eyes upon the helpless woman be-

"Oh, fair dame," the raven cried, "thy Christian saints can not save thee now. The merman clings to the keel of thy vessel, and the misty caverns of the deep raise high the spell that vexes the waves and rouses the demons of the blast. Thy husband, bold Red Rollo, prayed to me when on the seas his bark felt the tempest's power, and my might brought him safe again to land."

"And wilt thou not save me?" the unhappy queen questioned, in her dire extremity.
"On one condition," quoth the raven, flut-

"And the condition ?"

And when the long vigil was over, and the anxious mother prayed to know the doom fore-told by the planets above, the monk made answer slow and solemn:

"No harm can the raven do to the Norway prince either on sea or land."

Then beat the mother's heart with joy, for

she knew that by the aid of the sage monk she had learned the truth. "If the raven was powerless for evil on both rolling water and solid land, where else then could he harm the heir to Norway's throne?"

Years passed; young Sir John grew to man's estate, the very image of his father, the famous Norwegian warrior. The sable wings of the raven flapped not over the towers of the pal-ace, and the queen had long since ceased to trouble her mind with thoughts of the obscure bird. She trusted that the foolish promise would never be fulfilled.

When Sir John was one-and-twenty, a fierce storm drove on the Norway coast the vessel wherein was embarked beauteous Edith, daughter of Scotland's king.

The Norway queen gave fitting receptions to the fair maiden, and in her old palace harbored her, while her train upon the shore repaired the damaged vessel.

Thrown thus into close communion, was it any wonder that the Norway prince soon learned to love the Scottish maiden, or that she returned his passion?

The ship was finished, and gentle Edith sailed away, bearing Sir John's pledge that within a year and a day he would follow her to Scotland and claim her from her royal father.

But scarcely three months went by before the

young prince decided that a year was far too long to wait. He must to Scotland at once, and claim his bride.

The queen listened to his prayer, and then as she granted it in her heart came a warning of danger. She thought of the raven, and the promise that she had given years before. To the young prince she related the story, and warned him to beware of the raven's power. But he, young, brave and heedless, laughed and asked, if not on sea or land, where then could danger find him?

beds of balsam-boughs, upon our return from the chase after the Phantom Hunters. the chase after the Phantom Hunters.

After tossing on my uneasy couch for two hours, I rose, slipped on my clothing, and went outside to smoke, but I had scarcely settled myself on a log when out came Dan, looking frowsy and tired, filling his pipe as he came.

He lit up, and we blew a noisome cloud, and as the feathery wreaths ascended, a vision of Harry Viator, in light attire, dawned upon our astonished vision.

"It's no sort of use, boys" he said: "I can't

"It's no sort of use, boys," he said; "I can't sleep with this thing on my mind. Let's go somewhere; what do you say?"

"CUPID'S REPLY."

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

From the aisles of summer brightness

I have come to answer thee;
There, I heard thy gentle questioning
Blend with choicest minstrelsy.

I will tell thee where thou'lt find her-Thy pure, poet-soul's ideal— Not in realms of glamoured fancy; But in living, blissful real.

Seek the mourner's saddened chamber Seek the weary couch of pain; There, like gentlest breath of incense, Thou will hear her dear, loved name.

She must own the master-power Of a love so fond and true; She will listen to thy pleading If thou wilt with courage woo.

She will yield her lost sign of thou will yield her lips, all trembling, And her form, to thy embrace, If thou will all truly give her In thy fond, true heart a place.

Then the years may hasten onward, For that love can note grow cold; it will bring you purest treasures—Wealth, no poet's pen hath told.

Rod and Rifle.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

VIII.—THE NIGHT HUNT.

VERY little was said as we wrapped ourselves n our blankets and lay down to rest upon our

Dest thou wonder how thou'lt know her?—
By the love-light in her eye!
By the rosy tide that flushes
Cheek and brow when thou art nigh!
By the drooping blue-veined eyelids;
The wee, soft trembling hand;
The perfect form, whose wakened pulses,
Thrill 'neath love's encircling band!

"I'm agreeable to any thing," said Dan. "I can't stand this." At this moment Old Ben thrust his head out

of the hut, a broad grin on his face.
"I thort like enuff you wouldn't sleep good, boys," he said. "Come out, Ben; we'll try this thing over."

"Why do you go now, if you would not hunt after we met that— I den't know what to call

it," said Dan.

"Call it a sperrit, and you'll be most mighty right," replied Old Ben. "I'll go now, 'cause I know thet ef a party goes back to camp an' starts fresh arter they've met the Phantom Hunters, they allus have good luck."
We accepted the situation, and ten minutes

later we were again floating over the bosom of the lake. We separated, and our boat took the south shore, leaving Harry and Ben to travel south shore, leaving Harry and Ben to travel over the dangerous spot upon which the Phantom lurked. I don't pretend to be easily frightened, but I did not want any thing more to do with phantoms that night. We glided on past the wooded points, when the speed of the light craft was checked suddenly and the light gleamed upon the point. There, in the tunnel of white light thrown by the pitch pine, I saw the two gleaming sparks which I knew were the eyes of the deer.

Young Ben make a signal which we understood, and both weapons were lifted. He had

stood, and both weapons were lifted. He had no confidence in us singly, but thought that firing together and using buckshot we might hit something.

The word was hardly heard on the passing breeze, so light was the whisper. The boat glid-ed slowly toward the bank, and at the signal we fired together. There was a floundering upon the bank and a heavy fall, and young Ben dashed his paddle through the water with the might of a giant; the light craft rushed with a crash into the reeds which lined the banks, and Dan jumped out with his knife and rushed on

before we could stop him. A moment later I saw the long legs of Dan Harvey flourishing in the air, as he went, head over heels, down the bank, propelled by the branching antlers of the buck we had shot, which was not dead by any means. Dan went splashing into the water, and the buck, standing for a moment in an attitude of proud defiance, fully revealed in the light of the blazing jack, met his doom at the hands of the young I saw his rifle come to a level v quick but steady motion, his keen eye flashed or an instant through the double sights, and, bounding upright in agony, the buck plunged

into the water. Dan crawled out of the water as Ben caught the buck by the antlers and drew his knife neross its throat. Then, hanging it on a ranch out of reach, we invited Dan to take

is place in the boat. Without a word, he climbed into the boat ust as the crack of a rifle and a distant whoop nnounced that Old Ben and Harry were at They were on the other side of the vork. lake, directly opposite the point where our first deer hung. We paddled on, and passing be-tween the mainland and a small island, the boy

uddenly rested on his paddle.
"See here!" he said. "Thar's a patch of salt grass on that little island, and ef we don't git suthin' thar, I'm a Dutchman. Now don't waste a shot, an' mind, I'm going to shoot,

He headed the boat toward the island, barely twenty yards distant, and we saw two pair of gleaming eyes gazing at us from the low shores of the salt-patch. Ben dropped his pad-dle, took up his rifle, and we all fired together. Something dropped into the water with a loud splash and we heard a heavy body crashing through the underbrush toward the other side of the little island, which did not contain, in all, over an acre of ground. Ben seized his paddle and made the water fly as he rounded the island, just in time to see the branching antlers of a stag disappearing in the gloom as he swam stoutly away from the island. Murray to the contrary, we were debased enough to chase that stag, and a shot from the oldfashioned deer-gun ended his career. We went back and found a fat deer lying among the reeds, shot through the head, and it is needless to say that this was the victim of Ben's rifle.

"I'll tell you what, gentlemen," said the boy; "we are going to have a flood in about half an hour, and I move we put back to

camp. We were willing, and loading the game into the boat, crossed to the other shore; then, leaving the deer hanging on a tree, we headed for the camp. But long before we reached it, the whole face of the sky was lighted up by vivid flashes of lightning and the rain fell in torrents. Dripping like river gods, we reached camp just as Old Ben and Harry, in a like situation, came up from the other side, showing the ears of four stags as the result of the night-



Charlotte and Dick were standing under the great live-oak, with their hands clasped in each other's.

git safe to Yreky. Dey won't trouble dis hyar ranch no mo', but dey'll go fur de mail-carrier whenebber dey finds him."

'You say right, Tom," said Darling, with "We must even part, but not, thank God 'Tis true, I run a great risk, but you or long. must remember that the pay is proportionate. Once let these Modocs be crushed, and I shall come here to you, with funds sufficient to stock our farm close to your father's, and then we

will all be happy."

It was not, however, for some hours after that the mail-carrier and his sable assistant took their departure. Old Fairfield insisted on feeding themselves and horses before they went and then they rode away toward Yreka, Hector oping slowly along at their horses' heels.

Charlotte stood at the gate, watching the re-treating form of the mail-carrier, her arm enwined around the waist of Sophy. The latter had her head averted, and generous Charlotte, never seeming aware of the true state of the case, was pouring into her sister's ears Dick's praises. At last, as she was lamenting the hard fate that drove him away from them so often, Sophy turned and faced her with gleam-

ing eyes, saying:
"You are not fit to have the love of a man like Dick Darling, when you let him go to danger as if you could not help it. If he loved me, do you suppose that I would let him go as you have? No; I would cling around his neck, so that he should leave all the world to stay with And all the world might go to ruin outside our home, so he would stay with me. And the jealous girl burst into a flood of

tears, and flung away into the house. And so Charlotte Fairfield woke to the consciousness that her sister loved Dick Darling.

A bevy of heroes are Boone, Kenton, and the Men of the Forest Fort, who are matched against the willy Mingo and the implacable Shawnee. The whole great future of these men seems to loom up before them as they enter upon their careers at Point Pleasant. Their innate bravery, sagacity, honesty and faithfulness to friends are fine features which this "ower true tale" brings out with immense power and interest. As a record of Boone's First Trail, and Kenton's true Test of his qualities as ranger, The Wolf Demon will be valued by certain if any more Indians were concealed every lover of Wilderness and Indian stories.

"That thou wilt give to me what first shall meet thee when thou reachest the land."

Quick then through the mind of the queen

ame a thought that oft when returning from the sea her noble hound would rush up to his breast into the swelling wave to greet his Surely a human life was worth that of

brute, no matter how noble the beast might be "I agree!" cried the woman, weakened almost to death by the stress of wind and wave. A hoarse note of joy came from the throat of the bird; then again he fluttered his wings,

line, darted down beneath the wave at the stern of the galley.

The head of the merman who clung to the galley's keel beneath the wave the raven shattered with his claws of steel; a spell of subtle might he whispered to the green sisters weaving their mystic webs in the dark caverns below, and the sea grew calm and the vessel righted. Then ascending again to the upper

quitted his perch, and, straight as the plummet's

ir, the raven flew thrice around the galley The wind stilled and the storm ceased. "Behold!" cried the raven, as with out stretched wings he sailed on the bosom of the "my promise is kept; fail not you in

Then straight up into cloudy sky the bird

winged his way.

With a grateful heart the queen put the prow of the galley toward the land. was in sight when the keel grated on the sand; but as the woman stepped once again upon her native soil, up from a hollow rock, where he had been crouching like a seal, started her son, little Sir John, and ran with his baby feet straight toward his mother.

And then through a rift in the leaden clouds above came the hoarse note of the raven, croaking in triumph.

But the queen, safe on land, determined to cheat the raven of his prey, so she hurried at once to the lonely cell of good Harrald, the her-

mit of Torheim. The monk was old and gray, spare in flesh but strong in spirit. The stars he could read, and thus the future foretell by the aid of the mystic lamps above.

Many an Arabian sign he drew upon the sand at the midnight hour as he sought by subtle conjuration to learn the fate of the baby

Slowly the cunning craftsmen fitted up the vessel which was to bear the prince over the stormy seas unto his love.

Eagerly chafing at the delay, the prince would stride along the main and envy the sea-birds whose powerful wings could bear them fast to cotland when they listed to fly that way. Then in the dusk of a lowering day as the

loving prince was breathing kisses to the free winds that they might waft them to his love far over the heaving seas, a withered beldam hobbled from a wood and on ber arm she bore a vest of feathers.

'This to a mortal gives the flight of a bird." she said; "give me gold, young prince, the vest is thine and thou canst fly to thy love." she said: "

Eagerly, Sir John pressed his purse into the hands of the hag, drew on the vest and rose like a bird into the air. Straight for Scotland's shores he wings his flight, but ere two yards of empty air had he passed over, the ill-omened raven flapped his wings above him.
"Not on earth or on the sea," croaked the

savage bird, "but in the air! What can save thee now? "Mercy!" cried the unhappy prince, ceasing his flight and descending slowly toward earth.
"I claim but my right," replied the bird:

my price promised freely for favor render-Prepare to die." "Oh, saints of heaven, save me!" moaned the prince. "It can not be," said the raven, hoarsely

rash was the promise of thy mother; evil to them that tamper with the powers of darkness. Fairly have I entrapped thee both from land and sea into my element the air. "Then in my dying hour to Heaven I intrust

my soul; 'twas not my act that gave thee power over me, but I am willing to die to atone for my mother's sin," the prince said, firmly. Within a hundred yards of the earth were

they both. The raven closed his wings and darted down with intent to pluck one of the prince's eyes from its socket, but even at that moment, the holy monk from behind the covert of a pine let fly an arrow, formed of wood from the cedars of Lebanon and dipped thrice in holy water, at the obscure bird. The arrow pierced the raven's wing, the bird flew upward with a scream of rage and the prince came heavily to earth. He was dead, but his soul was saved and the raven powerless for harm forevermore.